Artists and Bureaucrats *Robert Brustein*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 2, 1963, 35 cents

Return to Cuba

Graham Greene

Behind the Hathaway Shirt

Martin Mayer

Myrdal on America

Peter L. Bernstein

The Novels of Svevo

Richard Gilman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T.R.B. *from Washington*

No One Since Coolidge

★ H. (Haroldson) L. (LaFayette) Hunt is so rich that when he writes a check the bank bounces. At 74, billionaire Hunt is second wealthiest man in America. (First: J. P. Getty, another Texas oil man.) On the side Hunt controls "Life Line," the fog horn of the Radical Right, whose 15-minute blasts go out, 343 times a day, over 304 stations in 279 towns in 42 states.

These broadcasts fascinate us. Congressmen can hear them twice a day from Station WFAX in Virginia. We tuned in on one recently: Unemployment? There's no problem. Idleness will disappear if wages come down; wages are kept up by social security; abolish social security, and old-fashioned free enterprise will eliminate unemployment overnight!

That is the stuff that goes out in a firm, sacerdotal voice in 279 towns over America; and you and I are helping to pay for it. The programs are labeled "educational," and the operations are tax exempt; indeed the stations that broadcast them boast to the Federal Communications Commission that they are performing a public service.

Hunt sees a Communist under every bed. In a record speech, Senator Maurine Neuberger charged that Hunt "also dabbles in anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, and even anti-Protestant propaganda (the National Council of Churches)." It all keeps him pretty busy. You have to pity a man whose income is $50 million a year. And since he's a thrifty chap he lets you and me help pay for it, along with his own sponsorship of the broadcasts through a canning and processing subsidiary, HLH Parade Co. (The latter – humorless as Hunt – often advertises pork and beans at the start of a program; HLH digestive pills at the end.)

Last year Hunt declared he hadn't approved a President since Calvin Coolidge. He published a novel, *Alpaca* (privately printed), about a benevolent Utopia where the ruling class got votes in proportion to its wealth and the poor were disenfranchised. Hunt's mouthpiece used to be an ex-FBI man, Dan Smoot, in the now discontinued "Facts Forum" (which made a pretense of giving both sides). That pretense got too thin and Smoot broke with Hunt and went on to star-spangled glories of his own. Hunt's own top performers now are the Reverend Wayne Poucher and James Dobbs.

We raise the matter here because a lot of people don't realize the background forces at work in the country, or think that "Life Line" is an isolated crackpot group in their particular locality. It isn't; it's a nationwide fog-machine with headquarters in downtown Washington. And it is part of a still larger conservative complex that helps keep liberals off-balance and Congress paralyzed while it shouts "radicalism" or "Communism." Our tax laws are precise, an educational organization is tax-exempt only so long as "no substantial part of its activities . . . is carrying on propaganda." Propaganda? – H. L. Hunt never heard of such a thing.

China in Isolation

★ The UN is a kind of kindergarten for wide-eyed infant nations where their representatives find themselves on committees, meeting other representatives, drafting resolutions, lobbying, learning, and forced to defend themselves before the world. It is a sad thing Red China is not getting this preliminary education.

Once again Red China has been barred from UN membership, which means that she is where China has been for a couple of thousand years, isolated and without "normal" relations with other countries. The Scandinavian nations voted for admission and so did the UK; the US has made it a kind of life work to keep Peking out.

Of course, that is exactly what Soviet Russia wants; Moscow seeks to isolate and bend Red China to her will and we are doing our best to help. The irony is that the USA treated the old China fairly decently; we were not imperialist; we turned the Boxer indemnities into educational grants; even as recently as 1950 Secretary of State Dean Acheson told Red China leaders that we should follow a policy of live and let live. But Peking needs a bogey to frighten their people; they stoke up the fires of hatred every time UN membership is blocked. (Probably Chinese leaders would rather have the grievance than admission.) It seems silly though, doesn't it, that we cannot face reality on this, and stop playing into the hands of the Communists – the Moscow Communists, that is.

Khrushchev in '64

★ Neither party wants to discuss the part that Nikita Khrushchev may have in the US Presidential election, particularly a little later on when we all get nice and hysterical. JFK is obviously going to run on a platform of peace and preparedness, but suppose just before the election there is a new Berlin incident, it could pretty well ruin his theme of lowered tension. On the other hand, suppose Khrushchev dramatically announced withdrawal of his last soldier from Cuba a month before we chose between Jack and Barry. (We have already heard one high GOP spokesman in contemplation of this exclaim, in an unguarded moment, "What a calamity!") In all seriousness, we guess Mr. Khruschev will have a greater potential for messing up this election than any other foreigner for years

★ *Notes:* Two students who visited Cuba without State Department authority are currently under court indictment in NY; in the meantime they have been asked to speak at college campuses, but now the court says they may not move out of the NY area, in a second blow at Americans' freedom to travel. . . . Eisenhower always husbanded his popularity; only after McCarthy was down did he give him a kick, and he never would express a moral judgment on the Supreme Court's 9-0 school desegregation decision of 1954; now, however, nine years later, he shyly confesses to a couple of AP reporters that he thought the opinion was "morally and legally correct" all the time. . . . And the 16 astronauts have sold their personal stories for a million dollars.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 149 Number 18 Issue 2554 November 2, 1963*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 36, D. C. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $6.50. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address. Copyright© 1963 by Harrison-Blaine, Inc. Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.

Civil Rights Revolt

THE WEEK

3. Civil Rights Revolt; Living with the MLF; Catholicism in Ohio; JFK and the Consumer; No War on Bugs; Whither Texas? Plane in a Poke; Foreign Reports; China in the Wings; Caligula's Horse

ARTICLES

11. Danville on Trial
by Sally Belfrage

13. Diplomats in Uniform
by the Editors

16. Return to Cuba
by Graham Greene

DEPARTMENTS

19. Books 28. Feiffer 30. Films
31. Records 34. Art 36. Theater
38. Correspondence

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison
Publisher – Robert B. Luce
Editors – Christopher Jencks, Robert Evett
Murray Kempton
Associate Editor – James Ridgeway
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Assistant to the Publisher – F. R. Ruskin
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
Copy Editor – Lucille Davis

Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel
Robert Brustein, Asher Brynes,
Helen Fuller, Frank Getlein,
B. H. Haggin, Morton H. Halperin,
Irving Howe, Gerald W. Johnson,
Stanley Kauffmann, Walter Z. Laqueur,
Charles Burton Marshall, Helen Hill Miller

The hope for passing a civil rights bill this year, or next, is receding. Republicans from more or less lily-white states or districts (and that means the majority of Republicans) are beginning to sense that their constituents, although all for equality in principle, do not want to compete with Negroes for jobs or live next door to them. Big city Democrats with numerous Negro constituents feel pressed, on the other hand, to prove they are more militant than the Attorney General. The moderate center, which the Administration had hoped to mobilize, is narrowing.

The skepticism of many Republicans about the political dividends in a strong civil rights stand has been apparent for several months, but the rebellion of liberal Democrats against moderation broke into the open only last week, when the Administration and the House Judiciary Committee fell out over what kind of bill should be sent to the floor (or, more precisely, to the Rules Committee and thence only hopefully to the House floor). The majority of the Committee clearly favored adding to the original Administration proposal an assortment of supplementary sections drafted by the Subcommittee which conducted the House hearings. The White House answered that Subcommittee changes might give the bill a stronger look, but would actually be of little or no practical value. In addition, it argued, the Subcommittee draft would be more vulnerable to attack on the House and Senate floor than the Administration draft, since it is loosely worded and gives certain powers to the federal government which it does not need.

The squabble has centered on three points of substance. First, the question of police brutality. One way to curb such brutality would be to make police administratively responsible to Washington – to create a national police force. The Subcommittee had no enthusiasm for this, but it wanted to take a symbolic step, and so it added a section to the bill authorizing the Attorney General to seek injunctions against anticipated violations of federal law – any violation, of any law. It has not been explained how any court could provide the police with a definitive program of do's and don't's prior to events where excesses are likely to occur. Leaving aside questions of constitutionality, federal courts cannot, as a practical matter, decide, prospectively, how many people can assemble on which side of the street at what hours, or whether a particular crowd should be dispersed with fire hoses, dogs, cattle prods, guns, loudspeakers, or none of these. If local police offi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cers consistently decide wrongly, then a national police force is the only practical remedy, and that remedy is constitutionally at best dubious and in any case might be worse than the disease.

The second point at issue turns on the kinds of activities to include in the section barring discrimination in public places. The Administration had originally included restaurants, lunch counters, retail stores, hotels, movie theaters and other places of public amusement. The Subcommittee included every activity licensed by the state, presumably including private schools, private clubs with liquor licenses, medical and legal practices. Here, the Administration entered a political objection: there is no public support for anti-discriminatory action on this scale, and a bill of this sort is unlikely to pass either house of Congress. There is another objection; it is wrong on the merits. There is and should be a limit to how far government should dictate private choices. This exceeds the limit.

The third difference is over a Fair Employment Practices provision which the Subcommittee included. The Administration has sought to keep FEPC legislation separate from the main civil rights bill, believing that there is no majority in either house in favor of FEPC, and that its inclusion seriously jeopardizes the rest of the civil rights program. If FEPC were really the key to Negro jobs, readiness to jettison it would be open to question. But in fact Vice President Johnson's committee of business leaders and CORE's demonstrators have done more to increase Negro job opportunities in the past two years than any FEPC law will do.

Still, if the Administration's position is so reasonable why do responsible liberals on the Judiciary Committee seem so intent on "strengthening" it? The answer is that in the past three years the Administration has backed away from its professed aims so often, both on civil rights and other issues, that some liberal politicians can no longer placate their constituents merely by endorsing Kennedy proposals; they must vote for *more*.

As this is written there is a chance the Judiciary Committee may modify its stand and produce a bill closer to the Administration original. But the chance is poor, for even the Southerners are now fighting for a "tough" bill on the ground that it will be easier to eviscerate on the House floor.

Living with the MLF

Earlier this year when the US proposed a multilateral NATO nuclear force of Polaris-armed surface ships (the "MLF"), most observers (including *The New Republic*) wrote the scheme off as a non-starter. It now looks as though we were wrong. Preliminary discussions between the US, Britain, West Germany, Italy, Greece, Turkey and Belgium began October 11 in Paris (but without French participation), and it now seems likely that a small fleet, manned by multinational crews and controlled by some kind of joint staff, will be cruising the Atlantic within five years.

The improved prospects of the MLF result from a change of mood in Bonn. The initial German reaction to the MLF was polite but unenthusiastic. The MLF, German officials said privately, would cost the German taxpayer a lot of money, would be vulnerable to Russian attack, and would very likely be unusable in an emergency since half a dozen governments would have their fingers on the safety catch. What Germany really wanted, experts said, was not the symbolic MLF, but some way to ensure that the US Strategic Air Command would be used to protect the Federal Republic in an emergency, and that tactical nuclear warheads now in American custody would be available to the Bundeswehr. As the summer wore on, however, and the Germans examined the MLF more carefully, they apparently became convinced that while it was militarily a dubious investment, it might be an important means of reinforcing the US nuclear commitment in Europe and a major step toward the kind of "special relationship" with the US which many Germans feel is essential to the Federal Republic's security.

Once the German attitude shifted from polite endorsement to enthusiastic support, some kind of multilateral force became almost inevitable. The only doubt was how many members of NATO would choose to join the German-American venture. In particular, the big question has been, and remains, whether Great Britain will join. The Foreign Office wants Britain in and fears that she will become estranged from the US if she retains her independent deterrent and refuses to back the MLF. Since Lord Home was the principal advocate of British participation in the current Paris negotiations, his elevation to Prime Minister suggests that Britain will probably remain involved until her election. But this must be held within 12 months, and if Labour wins, Britain's whole nuclear posture will certainly be reappraised.

Earlier this year *The New Republic* argued that the MLF was militarily unnecessary, would divert funds from an urgently needed conventional build-up, and might whet German nuclear ambitions without satisfying them. All these objections still seem to us valid, but now that the MLF is a virtual *fait accompli*, the first two have become largely irrelevant. The question now is whether the MLF will satisfy the Germans or spotlight their dissatisfaction; whether it will open the door to broader collaboration in the nuclear field or be a substitute for such collaboration.

The Kennedy Administration has always spoken in favor of fuller cooperation and disclosure to its Euro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pean allies on nuclear matters, and has already taken such symbolic steps as inviting NATO nations to send representatives to SAC headquarters in Omaha and supporting the creation of a Deputy for Nuclear Affairs in the NATO headquarters. But in order to reassure the Germans – and to a lesser extent its other allies – the US will have to go much further. In the past, US discussions of research and development, procurement, command and control procedures, and targetting have been extremely guarded. More candid discussion and (where appropriate) cooperation would, of course, have been possible without the MLF; indeed, they would have been an excellent alternative to it. But prior to the MLF negotiations, little was done in this area. Now something will have to be done. Those NATO nations which join the MLF will inevitably learn a great deal more than they now know about American procedures, for these will be the starting point of MLF discussions. The more they learn, the more they will want to know, and the more they will criticize. The Pentagon will then have a choice: either to make the Europeans full partners, not only in the MLF but in all NATO nuclear affairs (which means almost all US nuclear affairs), or else to retreat into secrecy. The former response could be a major step toward reducing the fissures in the alliance; the latter would intensify existing suspicions and in the end justify the worst fears of the MLF's critics.

Catholicism in Ohio

The New Republic has argued in the past (March 2, March 23, May 11) that if church schools are prepared to provide truly secular education in the so-called secular subjects, and to place the choice of teachers, textbooks and syllabus in these subjects under secular authority, then the state should be prepared to subsidize such instruction. This would, in effect, be a new variation on the various "shared time" experiments which have been conducted for a generation. But instead of having students spend part of their day in one school and part in another, they would spend the whole day in one school under two separate authorities.

Another variation on this theme is to be found in Fort Recovery, Ohio. Fort Recovery is in the southern part of Mercer County which is nearly 100 percent Catholic. Nevertheless, the Catholic Church has not been able to raise enough money from its parishioners to operate a satisfactory parochial school system. So it has leased its buildings to the local board of education for part of the day – beginning an hour after school opens. In this way the church can conduct catechismal lessons during the first hour of the day. After that, the public authorities take over.

The defect of the Fort Recovery program is that although the schools are nominally secular after the first hour, they are in fact run exactly like Catholic schools. Nuns in habit conduct many classes, crucifixes are found on the walls, and the teaching is allegedly Catholic in slant. In consequence, a Fort Recovery resident is now suing the Board of Education, demanding that it conduct its classes on a secular basis.

That such a suit is necessary dramatizes in starkest terms the difficulties implicit in any effort at church-state cooperation. Especially in a community like Fort Recovery which is predominantly Catholic, a local board of education may be unwilling or unable to insist that activities under its nominal control are in fact conducted in a secular fashion. Even when the board has the strength and conviction to follow constitutional requirements, the resulting struggles between church and state may be even more disastrous than the miseducation of Catholic children which results when the parochial schools are impoverished.

We are not prepared on this account to write off the possibility of church-state cooperation. But we cite the Mercer County example to illustrate both the practical meaning of our proposal, and the practical problems likely to arise.

JFK and the Consumer

On November 5, 1960, three days before his election as President, John F. Kennedy was looking hard for headlines. He got them that day by promising that, if elected, he would create a Consumer Counsel in the Office of the President.

"The Congressional committees and the executive department," he told his audience in the Bronx, "all have a direct impact on the daily lives and the standard of living of the American consumer . . ." The Consumer Counsel, he said, would "scrutinize activities of all governmental agencies which have a responsibility of regulating business activities in the public interest. While the railroad companies and the airlines, the drug companies and all the others are represented before these agencies, by high-priced attorneys, the consumers, whose protection is at stake, are not represented today." The Consumer Counsel would also "represent consumer interests before Congressional committees. Each year, dozens of bills are heard before the Congressional committees and are acted upon, which affect the welfare of the consumers of the US. The consumers have no voice to speak for their interests. . . ."

A year and a half later, in March, 1962, President Kennedy directed the Council of Economic Advisers to create a Consumer's Advisory Council. But this Council is no more than a group of prestigious consultants with no permanent staff and a minimal budget. In

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

October it issued its first report, which shows that its only activity has been sporadic meetings to endorse the Administration position on such things as "truth in lending," "truth in labeling," tax revision, public accommodations and "quality stabilization."

In its present form the Advisory Council could not, of course, do the things suggested by Mr. Kennedy in 1960. But it could perform some useful services. For instance the National Bureau of Standards, the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Defense do extensive product testing – but their results tend to get buried in highly technical government publications, which reach relatively few users. The Advisory Council might publish a monthly or quarterly journal detailing the consumer-oriented research activities of different agencies. Indeed, the Advisory Council might promote research of its own on the quality of different types of products available to the public. Another useful activity would be to seek agreement from various industries on labeling of products where standardized grades are now non-existent or meaningless; for instance, on the air-moving capacity of window fans and the wearing qualities of automobile tires.

No War on Bugs

There has been a lot of talk about the dangers of pesticides since Miss Carson wrote her book. Senator Ribicoff has gone about the job of unraveling the workings of the pesticide industry heroically. Last week the Senate passed his bill to stiffen public safeguards over pesticides by tightening registration requirements. The President's Science Advisory Committee has issued a long report, which among other things called for more basic research on insect life. The Administration is, however, apparently unable to support this recommendation with any great enthusiasm.

The Agriculture Department originally requested about $13 million for the entomological research division in 1964, an increase of some $4 million over the preceding year. The Bureau of the Budget pared this to $9.8 million, thereby permitting an increase in funds of only $600,000. About half this amount would be taken up by increased pay scales. That left a real increase of some $300,000. Both the House and Senate in different versions of Agriculture appropriations, lopped $100,000 off that amount by removing projected expenditures for research into the identification of insects. This is the heart of any insect control program, chemical or otherwise, because if you do not know what insects you are dealing with, it is rather difficult to destroy them. Nonetheless, the insect identification division is a piddling operation. It employs 21 professionals, less than it did in 1932, and operates on a budget which comes to only $350,000 annually.

As it now stands (Senate and House conferees have yet to iron out discrepancies in the appropriations) the insect research division of the Agriculture Department perhaps will be lucky to get $200,000 more than a year ago, and it very probably will have to use that to staff three research laboratories which the Congress previously gave it money to build but not to staff.

This may appear to be another minor example of Congressional intransigence. But that would be an unfair accusation since the Senate actually gave the insect division more funds, not allowed it by the Bureau of the Budget. For example, it allocated to it $100,000 for research into the cereal leaf beetle, a new bug which already is laying plague to grain in the Middle West. It also provided money for the staffing of a fourth laboratory, the construction of which is not yet complete, and which the Bureau of the Budget apparently intends to keep vacant.

The net result of all this is that the chances of developing safer and more specific chemical pesticides or non-chemical means of controlling bugs is, at least for the moment, diminished. Non-chemical means of controlling insects probably never will replace the use of insecticides but used in combination with them the amount of insecticide is sharply reduced and its application made more specific. Scientists have developed ingenious methods of locating and isolating insects through use of sex lures, and means for killing off bug hordes by mating females with sterile males. The research work of the entomology research division of the Agriculture Department also promises to produce means by which insects' resistance to pesticides can be broken down. To curtail such research at a time when the danger of pesticides is just beginning to be understood seems inexplicable.

Whither Texas?

The Democratic Party in Texas has been riven for some years by a feud over whether it should be a Southern-style party representing respectability and money, or a Northern-style party representing the Negroes, the Mexicans and the labor unions (or at least representing their leaders). Predictably, there has been a vendetta between Senator Ralph Yarborough, who sees the Democrats as the party of the have-nots, and Lyndon Johnson sees it as the party of the haves. In the 1962 gubernatorial campaign a similar fight developed in the primary contest between Don Yarborough (no kin to Senator Ralph) and John Connally. Yarborough relied heavily on the Negro vote, and supported President Kennedy on most issues. Connally, who had resigned as Kennedy's Secretary of the Navy in order to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

run, took a more conservative position. A former administrative assistant to Lyndon Johnson, Connally was supported by the party machinery and won the nomination by 25,000 votes.

But the fight continued. Various economic and ethnic underdogs joined together to revive the State Democratic Coalition, whose current objective is the repeal of the Texas poll tax in the November 9 referendum. Albert Pena, the Spanish-speaking co-chairman of the Coalition, estimates that repeal would mean a million additional votes for future liberal candidates in Texas. This is probably optimistic. Nevertheless repeal might well ensure that Texas gave its 25 electoral votes to Kennedy instead of Goldwater in 1964.

The poll-tax issue is a good one for the Coalition, since only Goldwater Republicans admit publicly that they favor the tax. The state Republican Party has no official position on the poll tax, and the Democratic Party officially favors repeal. Governor Connally has charged that the Coalition (led by "boss Pena") is using the poll-tax fight to build a new political machine independent of his own, but despite this (or perhaps because of it), he advocates repeal himself.

If the tax is repealed, the balance of power within the Democratic Party might well shift toward "boss Pena" and against Governor Connally. In that case Connally and other members of the wealthy party establishment are likely to drift (or even bolt) to the Republican Party. In the short run this could mean the election of some Republicans even more conservative than Connally (*e.g.* Senator John Tower). In the long run, however, it is likely to be more beneficial to the Yarboroughs than to the Towers.

Is the rest of the South moving in the same direction as Texas? Industrialization and urbanization, the forces which have apparently made the transformation of Texas politics possible, are certainly coming elsewhere. This could mean the end of the old one-party system, first in Florida, then perhaps in states like North Carolina and Georgia. Still, there is nothing inevitable about such a change. In many countries the one-party system has survived both the coming of industry and migration to the city, and the South may not change as readily as some imagine.

Plane in a Poke

Congress is a little sluggish these days, so perhaps the Federal Aviation Agency should not be blamed for persuading four airlines to "order" 29 supersonic transports before the gentlemen on the Hill decide whether or not to authorize the project. The purpose of this publicity balloon is to convince Congress and the public that the nation is already committed to build the plane. Larded with speculative details about delivery date (1970), price ($22.6 million) and specifications (163 passengers; 1,650 miles per hour; 4,000-mile range), the press releases and newspaper reports imply that the plane is virtually ready for its flight tests. The fact is that the airlines have committed themselves to a plane in a poke: unflown, untested, unbuilt, unauthorized and undesigned, the US supersonic airliner does not yet exist even on a blueprint.

The promoter who launched the balloon is Gordon Bain of the FAA, a deputy administrator who won the power struggle to supervise the development of the supersonic airliner. One can sympathize with his impatience, for he finds himself in the delicate position of heading a project that does not yet legally exist. Even the Air Force seems anxious to help. Although its generals lost their battle with the FAA, they displayed their goodwill by sending a supersonic B-58 bomber to set another long-distance speed record, this time from Tokyo to London (a distance of some 8,000 miles) in eight and a half hours. Because such feats are usually reserved for those crucial moments when Congress is pondering the defense budget or the building of a new bomber, casual students of politics might take heart at an apparent example of pure altruism. A skeptic, of course, would seek baser motives. Undoubtedly the Air Force could find a use for a squadron or two of supersonic transports; and it is just possible that an aide in the White House, which is determined to build the airliner for national prestige, might have telephoned a hint to the right desk in the Pentagon. Certainly the White House was prompt to release mimeographed congratulations as the plane touched down.

The timing of Mr. Bain's efforts and those of the Air Force is especially fortunate, since it happens to coincide with the hearings on the supersonic transport being held by the Senate Aviation Subcommittee. Congress must decide whether the advantages of the airliner – speed and prestige – outweigh the disadvantages: high cost, questionable safety, and sonic boom (see "The Plane Nobody Wants," *NR*, September 14).

The chief reason for building the airliner, of course, is that someone else is doing it. Britain and France have put up $420 million in government funds to build a supersonic airliner called the Concorde, which will be ready for flight tests in 1966. The Concorde has already been designed, and some plants are now tooling up to produce parts of the prototype. American airlines fear that the Concorde will lure passengers away from their subsonic jets, and two US carriers, Pan-American and Continental, have taken options on Concordes, even though almost all airline executives concede that supersonic transports will be unprofitable to operate without a sharp increase in fares, or government subsidy.

William E. Boggs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREIGN REPORTS

GREECE: *Never Serious, Quite Critical*

★ The political campaign which, one is led to believe, has absorbed Greeks for the past month, will end November 3 with election of a new parliament. George Papandreou, 75, leader of the main opposition Center Union Party, has suggested that Greece stands on the brink of revolution because of the "inexorable struggle" between two titans, namely himself and the former premier, Constantine Karamanlis, 56, who resigned last spring after eight years in office and now is seeking yet another term as head of the largest political party, the National Radical Union.

Papandreou has perhaps painted an unduly lurid picture of the struggle since it has little to do with any competing social or economic doctrines or interests, and in the manner of traditional Greek politics, boils down to a struggle for a job and the privilege of handing out other jobs to friends. Even the Communists, officially outlawed but very much present under the camouflage of the well-organized United Democratic Left, do not compete for the electorate's favor with any distinctive social-economic program. As for the bourgeois opposition, the Center Union, the use of the term "Right" to describe Karamanlis' National Radical Union is about as meaningless as the term "Center" it applies to itself. Both parties are pro-West, pro-NATO and pro-Common Market. Papandreou, however, does favor release of some 1,000 prisoners, alleged to be political, held over in Greek jails from the civil war 18 years ago. Until Karamanlis came to power, the premiership had in effect been rotated every few months among various politicians from the upper-middle and upper classes. Karamanlis, the son of a village schoolmaster, was not one of this group, which has bitterly resented his successful eight-year usurpation. Nevertheless, far from producing a radical upheaval in Greek politics, Karamanlis has pursued policies perhaps even more conservative than those of his opponents.

Karamanlis, a favorite with King Paul, resigned suddenly from office last spring. The apparent reason was disagreement with Paul over the King's intended state visit to England (the Greek monarchy is not particularly popular with the British Left). More probably, however, Karamanlis quit because of the opposition's endlessly repeated charge that the elections which returned him to office in 1961 were rigged. His resignation came shortly after the mysterious death of a socialist member of parliament, Gregorios Lambrakis, who was struck and killed by a motorcycle during a political rally which was being held at Salonika. The cyclist and his outrider were allegedly police hirelings and are still being held for trial – until after the upcoming elections.

As for the month-long election campaign, it has been largely a matter of screams and shrieks of the sort which accompany a professional wrestling match. Mr. Papandreou has worked himself into a lather over fears that the elections will be rigged. He would like to threaten a boycott of them, but unfortunately Greek law makes voting mandatory, and so he has toyed with a more novel course, that of ridiculing the voting procedure by casting ballots for the party of Karamanlis. King Paul has sought to soothe this hurt child by appointing Mr. Stylianos Mavromihalis, the president of the supreme court and an honest man in Greek eyes, to head a caretaker cabinet which has been preparing the elections. The proportional voting system also had been modified to strengthen the position of smaller political parties.

SENEGAL: *The Jitters in Dakar*

★ Following troubles in other French-African states – a *coup d'etat*, riots, trials, arrests – economically troubled Senegal seems headed for stormy December elections. An experienced State Department hand doubts that the incumbent poet-president, Leopold Senghor, can get back in – unless he rigs the elections.

Senghor faces opposition from ever restive citizens of Dakar, from certain Muslim sects, from the populous Southern regions of Casamance and Kaolak, and now from the peanut farmers of the Senegal River Valley, who will lose the French price-prop next year under a Common Market convention. In a country 80 percent Muslim, Senghor is a Christian; in a country 98 percent African, Senghor is married to a European. The only house he is known to own is in Normandy.

Last December President Senghor and Premier Mamadou Dia clashed and Dakar's streets filled with armed soldiers of both factions. Bloodlessly, Dia was defeated, tried and jailed, and the office of the premier was abolished.

On September 27 this year, a group of 50 Muslims came from Friday prayers at a city mosque to demonstrate at the palace. Dispersed, they marched to the prison, gathering numbers, shouting for the release of a Muslim political prisoner, and throwing stones, injuring some policemen. Reporters at first shrugged off the incident and the official counter-demonstration the following day. But the Senegalese government, which knows its own people, was seized with a fit of the jitters. As diplomats boggled, armed troops were stationed all over the city. The local daily, *Dakar-Matin*, was forced to appear with no mention of the prison fight.

Senegal's information boss is the saturnine Patrice Diouf, a bitterly anti-white and particularly anti-Amer-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ican Catholic. He seized riots as an opportunity to close UPI, the only American news agency in the country, and expel its bureau chief, Jean Neveu. Neveu's crime was to have sent a dispatch on the riot before Diouf's official statement, not waiting for the great man's word.

Washington would be sorry to see Senghor go, though it feels he could compromise with his critics by replacing some of the deadwood in his administration. With a relatively industrialized, prosperous and literate capital, surrounded by a countryside of rock-bottom ignorance and poverty, the situation looks ripe for a swing to the Left. Much will depend on whom the tough, relatively numerous, often well-officered army units support.

MEXICO: *No Aid for the Competent*

Opponents of foreign aid can take comfort from the US mission to Mexico. In the two years since Mexico joined the Alliance for Progress, US aid men in Mexico haven't spent a nickel.

The trouble is not, as one might imagine, that the US thinks Mexico a poor investment. On the contrary. From the 16th floor of the US Embassy, Acting AID Director Herman L. Myers explains that "Mexico is typical of what we want other Latin American countries to become." Mexico reached this happy state as a result of a bloody revolution 50 years ago. Since then it has gradually managed to restore order, has avoided palace coups, encouraged foreign investment, trained a skilled labor force, and developed a cadre of political leaders more interested in their country's welfare than their own. Despite this, however, the great majority of Mexicans still live in grisly poverty.

The inhibitions which prevent AID from doing anything for the Mexicans are summed up by Myers thus: "Mexico is an ideal place to realize the philosophy of helping those that help themselves." Myers doesn't believe that AID money should be poured into the bottomless sock of what he calls "servicio" projects: the National Institute for the Protection of Children, which feeds breakfast to a million and a half children every day; the Institute for Social Security, which is bringing the benefits of medical care to more than five million Mexican workers; the Nonalco-Ilatelolco housing project which will provide new housing for an estimated 70,000 slum-anchored city dwellers. (One reason AID isn't in on this project is that the apartments will be rented, hence out of line with AID concept of providing individually-owned homes.) Nor has AID given much thought, it appears, to assisting Mexican programs for land distribution, or to the mobile units which sell low-cost commodities and clothes to needy Mexicans.

What Myers and AID are trying to do in Mexico, he explains, is to stimulate new institutions which the Mexicans have not thought of – or, to put it another way, trying to make the Mexicans do things they would not do unless the US paid for them. This approach has the virtue of costing almost nothing: but neither has it anything to do with "self help" or the other proclaimed objectives of the Alliance for Progress.

China in the Wings

United Nations

The General Assembly has once more defeated an attempt to recognize the Peking government as the legitimate representative of China, after a debate significant only for its lack of conviction. The only departure from precedent was that the resolution to unseat Nationalist China was introduced by Albania, Peking being at odds with the two countries – India and the Soviet Union – which had taken the initiative in the past. The vote was more or less the same as last year's and the speeches were also more of the same. What the two sides to the argument chose deliberately to ignore is that Communist China is already present at the UN and influences the outlook of a large number of delegations.

Quite a few United Nations diplomats, especially of the younger generation, now look to Peking as they once did to Moscow – as a balancing force. They want the great powers to understand one another but also to keep one another in balance. They don't want the Cold War but they also know that the Cold War has served their purposes very well. If the Cold War ends, if the US and USSR achieve a détente, they might try to divide the underdeveloped world into spheres of influence as in the 19th Century. In this setting, Peking would be the main ally of the weak.

Peking has become the "third party" always present, even though unrepresented at the United Nations. Chinese propaganda is falling on receptive ears. Peking is cleverly stressing the theme of color solidarity, the ties that China as an Asian country must inevitably establish with the Afro-Asian world, the urgency for all the "have nots" to stick together against the "haves." The Soviet Union, of course, is included in the latter category, together with the United States and Western Europe.

Much of the attraction toward Peking is also the result of disappointment in Moscow once expected to "balance" the West. The younger Afro-Asian diplomats in particular (and again we must add a few Latin American) are quite resentful of the way the Soviets put their own national interests first, "acting just like Westerners." They have not forgotten that Moscow did not lift a finger in an attempt to save the leftist leader Antoine Gizenga from political collapse in the Congo. Nor have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they forgotten that the Soviets recognized the Algerian Provisional Government on the eve of independence while the Chinese extended recognition from the very beginning and welcomed the Algerian nationalist leaders in their capital with much fanfare. Guinea, after an unhappy experience with the Soviets, is now flirting with Peking. Communist China, in other words, is seen as the revolutionary power that sticks to principles irrespective of the consequences and may thus prove more reliable.

Most Afro-Asian diplomats here want Communist China to become a great power even if one day it should act the way the other great powers do. They believe that Peking is useful in their effort to convince the United States and the Soviet Union that the great problems confronting humanity are those of Africa, Asia and Latin America.

MARIO ROSSI

Caligula's Horse

London

The Tories have come through their leadership crisis, but they bear their scars visibly and not at all proudly. Lord Home (we had better get used to calling him plain humdrum Sir Alec Douglas Home)) has had the toughest job of cabinet-making for many years. He was, in fact, the first man to be called to the Palace since Bonar Law in 1922 who could not return a straight answer. Knowing that the Butlerites were up in arms, he could only say for the first 24 hours that he would try to form a government. In the end Butler and Maudling caved in, partly because Macmillan had outwitted them (no monarch has gone against a departing prime minister's advice – when asked for – in this century), but mainly because if Home failed the Queen could have adjudged the Tories incompetent to decide on a leader themselves. The end of that road could have been an invitation to Harold Wilson.

So Home has not tried to build a new team; he has been too worried about holding the old one together. Butler has gone to the Foreign Office, the one big department he has never held; Maudling, after running with the rebels briefly, stays at the Treasury; and only two men have been bourgeois enough to step out from the 14th Earl's administration. Iain Macleod's loss is a serious one (though he had been under a big cloud as an unsuccessful party chairman), for he represents the beliefs of many of the younger men who came into the Commons in the 1950's. But he may yet be seen to have done the party some service, for if the Home gamble crashes in ruins there will still be a prophet of power and truth to pick up the pieces again.

The departure of Enoch Powell, who had been running health and welfare policy, is much less important. Home is more than compensated by bringing back a rejuvenated Selwyn Lloyd. This makes plenty of sense, for Lloyd will gladly absorb all the punishment that Labour can throw at him, while Home at quarterback will be trying to nip through and score.

Labour is now roaring to go: "elegant anachronism" was the politest thing Wilson had to say when he first heard the news, and there is much rubbing of hands at all the gory scenes in store. But it is a curious psychological weakness in Wilson, the grammar school prize-boy, that he should bristle so visibly at the thought of being matched against the 14th Earl. And Wilson may already have betrayed himself into a bad tactical position. For if you write off a man as negligible from the start, any success he may have in the normal run (and prime ministers can usually contrive credit for themselves) tends to look doubly good after all the denigration that preceded it.

Every second-rate satirist in town has been having a go at Eton, the grouse moors and the Scots nobility. But Home will pick his own ground for any dueling. As one Tory backbencher said hopefully: "With Wilson, Home will turn it into a fight between Alec and Smart Alec." Home was written off by all and sundry when appointed foreign secretary by Macmillan in 1960: Caligula's horse he was called then. When he was seen to be holding down the job with ease and skill, his critics ruefully admitted that they had given him a 25-yard start in a 100-yard sprint.

The premiership is a much tougher job, with all its in-fighting in the Commons, but Home has qualities for it too. He is incisive, personally detached from the rat-race (which Supermac was not) and never uses two words where one will do; his first television address to the nation lasted one minute 18 seconds. In his youth he fought a marginal Scottish seat at Lanark, a county of coal miners and farmers; held it from 1931 to 1945, and regained it for the Tories in 1950; without him it has now swung Labour again.

Home's emergence as the kingmakers' favorite depended on the absolute vetoes cast against Butler and Hailsham by the opposing sections of the party. But Home is, in fact, a choice calculated to pull out the basic Right of Center vote in the country, which the Tories badly need if they are to escape disaster on the 1945 scale. And he is also likely to run better through the new middle-class suburbs than a crusading Hailsham ever was. With any luck (and Macmillan was cruelly short of it for the past two years) Home should either scrape back or, at worst, hold Wilson to a very narrow margin, indeed, at election time.

But is he really a man of the Right himself? His reputation says so: he was Neville Chamberlain's parliamentary private secretary at Munich-time; he has expressed strong reservations about the UN; he can talk

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toughly to Russians. Yet his most recent utterances, half-moon spectacles on nose, have been distinctly hopeful on Cold War settlements. As a pro-NATO man he has been readier to think of the multilateral force than Macmillan; and the Europeanism of the Foreign Office has dusted off on him. At home he has had little enough experience, except as Number 2 at the Scottish Office, 10 years ago. Yet he has put himself firmly behind the modernization drive, appointing Ted Heath to a new job covering industry, trade and regional development. One's guess is that Home will prove just as leftish in social reform as Macmillan was. And if Heath masters the intricacies of economic planning on the ground as well as he did those of the Common Market, he will be in line for the Treasury or, a long shot, for the Home succession. ALASTAIR BURNET

Danville on Trial

by Sally Belfrage

Danville, Virginia, is a textile and tobacco town of 47,000, 30 percent Negro. Its huge Municipal Building has been the center for racial demonstrations since early 1963: at first non-violent, then developing into near-warfare as the police used hoses, teargas and sawed-off baseball bats to disperse the demonstrators. Local law enforcers have supplemented their numbers with detachments from the Virginia State Police. In their neat blue uniforms they patrol the streets of Danville in pairs, stand in thick groups on the corners, cruise slowly in their black cars, looking. Each is armed with a pistol, a nightstick and a blackjack.

On a hill on the other side of town is the High Street Baptist Church, where the Danville Christian Progressive Association has its headquarters. Its immediate goals are equal opportunity to obtain city jobs, desegregation of public facilities, and the establishment of a biracial committee to work out the desegregation of schools and hospitals. Several local ministers; a group of Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) field workers, some of them white; representatives of the Southern Christian Leadership Council (SCLC) and the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE); and scores of local Negroes are there in almost continuous session.

Between these two points is the unfortified, shifting front of one battle in the Southern war.

In the courthouse, one of an endless series of trials was beginning. One hundred and five Negroes, mostly teenagers, were charged with contempt of an injunction against demonstrations. Corporation Court Judge A. M. Aiken, who himself had issued the injunction and who wears a .45 to and from work, presided.

The lawyer for many of the defendants, and a defendant himself, Len Holt, was informed that his first case was to be that of Ezell Barksdale, aged 17. Holt was denied both an adjournment to prepare his case and a jury trial. Questioning the exclusion of spectators, Holt was told that they were inadmissible because of the "very explosive racial tension." (Challenged at a previous trial with the fact that due process is inherently violated in a segregated courtroom, Judge Aiken had replied: "Sure my courtroom is segregated, but not today, because nobody's allowed in.")

The judge permitted no discussion of the injunction's legality. Nor was a petition allowed to remove the cases to federal courts on the grounds that state laws cannot be made which infringe on constitutional rights guaranteed by the First, Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments. A motion that the case be dismissed because the defendant, a minor, had been given no hearing in Juvenile Court, was turned down, as was a request to specify which section of the injunction Barksdale had violated. Holt accepted each of these blows with an air of half-disgust, half-defiance.

The first witness, City Manager C. Edward Temple, said that in the demonstration under discussion, which had occurred a week before, he had "assigned as many policemen as possible to protect this mob." From whom? "Other elements in the community who might not agree with what they were doing." When asked by Holt under cross-examination what the demonstrators had been doing, Temple replied: "What they were fighting for I am not qualified to say. I think it had to do with their chant, 'We want freedom.' But what they meant by that I am not qualified to say."

Two more witnesses were called by the prosecution. They reported contemptuously that the mob had

---

SALLY BELFRAGE *is the author of* A Room in Moscow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"howled and raved and stomped"; that the police had "had to pick up 18 or 20 off the sidewalk, where they were obstructing the passage of pedestrian traffic, singing, clapping, worked up into a frenzy." During cross-examination, Holt's questions were met with a perfect uniformity of denial. Each objection of the prosecuting attorney was sustained.

After the prosecution's case was finished, Holt asked for a two-hour adjournment to find witnesses for his client: unobtainable before, of course, since the identity of the client had not been revealed. He was overruled. He said: "In the present situation we are not in a position to proceed." The judge snapped: "That's your problem!" Sentence was passed immediately – a highly irregular procedure, since it gives the accused no opportunity to appear with bail in order to appeal. Ezell Barksdale received 90 days, half the term suspended on condition of good behavior for two years, and a fine of $25. He was then denied bail altogether, which in effect denies the right of appeal, as the sentence will have been served before the case can reach a higher court.

Back at the church after the long day in court, Lawyer Holt spoke to the assembled children, students, mothers and ministers. With the prospect of his own case being called at any time and consequent imprisonment cutting off legal help from his clients, he told them that they must think of their behavior in court the next day if they should find themselves unrepresented. A little boy of about 7 raised his hand and was recognized. "Should we sing?" he asked. "If you want to sing, sing. You're going to jail anyway, we might as well go for singing as anything."

That night several lawyers met to work out the cases confronting them. None of them had slept for two days and hadn't the time to spare that night either. There were three separate series of trials to be prepared for: the 105 contempt cases; six students charged with trespass for sitting-in at a local restaurant; and the leaders of the Danville movement (the number under indictment growing daily as they emerged from the High Street Church) accused of "inciting the colored population to acts of violence and war against the white population." This "John Brown law" has been in existence in Virginia since before the Civil War; it is a felony punishable by five to ten years in the penitentiary. The lawyers had no information which case would be brought to trial when, and were racing against the inevitable time of their own arrest as well.

The next afternoon all Danville waited on the High Street Baptist Church. Inside, a decision had to be made: whether to demonstrate again that day despite the continuing injunction. A police radio-car was parked opposite the entrance. It was a station wagon, and its back door was open to reveal a large cage used to transport a dog. Journalists wearing green tags on their lapels stood around chatting about whose hotel had a swimming pool, and whose had vibrating beds.

A dozen Negroes sat talking on the porch of a next-door house. A few more stood nearby trying to catch a breeze before returning to the church's meeting hall. Inside, several hundred potential demonstrators, many of them already under indictment, sang as they waited for the decision of their leaders. A young man with his head bandaged and dark purple bruises covering one side of his face watched them, now and then joining the singing. He had demonstrated the week before, he said. They had marched to the Municipal Building, had been surrounded there by the cops and the fire hoses turned on. "What do the hoses feel like?" "It's like drowning standing up." He had ducked under a car to protect himself from the flailing sticks ("the hoses make you helpless, then they beat you up"), but his head had been yanked out from the car and clubbed. Forty-five demonstrators had to have hospital treatment.

We heard then that William Geoghegan, Robert Kennedy's personal emissary, was upstairs in the pastor's office trying to persuade the leaders not to demonstrate. He even had Bobby on the phone talking to them. Suddenly Geoghegan was seen striding out. The deputy assistant attorney general announced success: there would be no demonstration.

"Damn," said one journalist. "We should have stayed in Jackson."

A week and several demonstrations later, eight policemen broke into the church office in which the leaders had spoken on the phone to Bobby Kennedy. There was a strategy meeting going on. Hearing the police enter the main sanctuary of the church and the shout, "The sons of bitches are in there!" someone locked the door. A moment later it sprang open to the policeman's kicks. Three of the men inside were taken away.

One of those the police was after was Daniel Foss, a white SNCC worker from New York. It was his third arrest in two weeks. The last time the police had caught him they had slugged him repeatedly with a hose, demanding: "Are you a nigger or a white man?" and hitting him again each time he said nothing. After the police left the church with their three culprits, one man said, "Poor old Foss. Every time he goes to jail he gets a beating. I wish I could go in his place."

(Since Miss Belfrage's return, there have been signs of improvement in Danville. The first sign was the city's employment of a Negro policeman; small as this step was, it brought a temporary cessation of protest demonstrations. Since then Danville businessmen, stung by the bad opinion of other Virginia cities, have opened negotiations directly with the Negro leaders. In the near future there is hope for two more gains: the appointment of a Negro social worker, and the establishment of a biracial committee – THE EDITORS.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Diplomats in Uniform

Civilians and Military Are Locked in Embassy Feuds

by the Editors

In Latin America, Asia, and the Middle East, US embassies sometimes appear to be divided camps where agents of the CIA and members of military missions seek to carry out one set of policies, while the civilian political officers implement another, often opposite set of goals. In South Vietnam, the divisive policies within the American diplomatic establishment led to the recall of CIA chief John Richardson. In Honduras, while US Ambassador Burrows fought to prevent the overthrow of President Villeda Morales, members of the US military mission there openly supported the coup. And these are not isolated examples.

In Latin America the US military and CIA interest in supporting conservative military regimes has met with considerable success. In February of 1961 at Buenos Aires an observer remembers the delight of General Toranzo Montero's aides after they had been informed that the CIA would support them in a coup to overthrow President Arturo Frondizi. This was about the same time President Kennedy was declaring that his Administration would seek to wipe out dictatorship from Latin America. In the Peru coup of 1962, the colonel who laid siege to the presidential palace had been trained by US Rangers. Members of the junta enjoyed warm relations with US military counterparts. Leaders of juntas which recently overthrew regimes in Ecuador, Guatemala, Honduras, and the Dominican Republic, were trained by US military men in US bases.

In a cafe at San Jose, the capital of Costa Rica, a fat man called Colonel Roberts meets regularly with his clients. He is said to be the local CIA man, and he is supposed to dispense funds to something called *Movimiento Costa Rica Libre* (Free Costa Rica Movement), an organization supported by the coffee oligarchy. In Costa Rica, the CIA is also said to shell out cash to a group of Cuban exiles led by Cristobal Dieguez, a former police official of the Batista regime. Meanwhile, civilian political officers in US embassies in these countries seek to produce reform through constitutional processes.

Nor has military-CIA finagling in internal politics of foreign countries been restricted to Latin America. In South Korea, during the past year, there have been a number of sharp and rather emotional clashes between the US Embassy's political counselor and the chief civilian political adviser to the UN Commander, then General Meloy. (Since August, General Meloy has been succeeded by General Howse and the civilian adviser has been transferred to Washington to attend a training course.)

The Embassy was increasingly critical of the military regime headed by General Park Chung-hee. It has always been wary of the influence exerted on General Park by Colonel (now Brigadier-General, retired) Kim Chong-pil. Kim Chong-pil, General Park's nephew by marriage, founded and headed the Korean CIA, established immediately after the *coup d'etat* of 1961. The American CIA helped to start the Korean CIA, which quickly broadened its functions far beyond its American counterpart, becoming, indeed, a kind of secret police with a nationwide network of agents and informers. It is said that an American CIA man still sits in one of the Korean CIA offices, presumably in order to tap whatever information the latter may garner that would be useful to the US.

Colonel Kim has often been called the only military man in Korea with ideas. Whereas most of the officers who perpetrated the coup of 1961 had the rather simple-minded objective of throwing out the "corrupt" civilian politicians and installing a "pure" military regime, Colonel Kim from the start envisioned a kind of social revolution, a top-to-bottom transformation of Korean society along lines that his opponents have characterized either as Fascist or as Communist, depending on their own prejudices. Colonel Kim also founded the Democratic Republican Party as a mass political organization with a Communist-style presidium and secretariat. Many Embassy officials quite sympathetic to General Park have nothing good to say of Kim Chong-pil. They regard him as a totalitarian-minded individual and potentially as a dangerous enemy of the US.

This feeling, however, was not shared by certain individuals in the G-2 section of the UN Command, nor by General Meloy's civilian adviser. These individuals felt that the military officers, including Kim Chong-pil, were more honest, less corrupt, and certainly more patriotic than the civilian politicians whom they had displaced. Although the austere military regime banned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kisaeng parties (the Korean equivalent of geisha parties), Colonel Kim was beyond the law and he sometimes had such parties to which he invited these sympathetic Americans.

In February this year, when after a complicated power struggle Kim Chong-pil was exiled, the Embassy was delighted. It felt that General Park without Colonel Kim would be an altogether weaker man, more subject to advice and pressure from other Army individuals as well as from civilian politicians.

Seesaw in Korea

The Americans in G-2, and the civilian adviser to General Meloy, felt this interpretation was unjust. Whereas the Embassy was becoming increasingly disillusioned with the military regime, these Americans continued to feel that the military represented the best hope for stability in Korea.

Throughout the spring and summer of this year there was continual seesaw for power between groups within the Army and between the Army and the civilian politicians. The Embassy tried to promote a united civilian opposition front against the military, though officially it disclaimed taking sides. The G-2 Americans continued to place their trust in the Korean Army.

General Meloy, however, who was due to retire July 31, did not rock the boat. He was characterized by one of his subordinates as a man who is swayed by whomever he happened to talk to last.

In mid-July, there was a sudden shift in the Korean CIA. Major General Kim Jae-choon, who had succeeded Kim Chong-pil, was suddenly ousted and a colonel who had been a henchman of Kim Chong-pil replaced him. Hastily the Embassy proposed that the Embassy and the UN Command send a joint evaluation to Washington to the effect that the removal of Major General Kim was an important victory for the Kim Chong-pil faction and represented a basic shift in the power structure of the regime. General Meloy came to the Embassy, talked with Ambassador Berger, and agreed to sign the joint evaluation. No sooner had he returned to his headquarters, however, than he was worked over by his G-2 people and his civilian adviser. As a result of this pressure he decided not to sign the joint report, which thus went to Washington simply as an Embassy report.

It would not be fair to say that the American military establishment in Korea as a whole favors the military regime. One two-star general who heads the office which evaluates and decides on military aid levels for the Koreans has said that although the junta started out with good intentions, it is now so preoccupied with the mechanics of staying in power that it has little time to plan anything else.

The dissension between military and civilians is more pronounced in the Middle East.

In Cairo, US Ambassador John Badeau's quarrel with his military and CIA colleagues is an open secret. The background to the dispute is the Ambassador's allegedly starry-eyed attitude toward the Nasser regime. As a former President of the American University, Cairo (AUC), Badeau has had long and sentimental ties with Egypt which, some argue, have impaired his judgment. He has acquired, perhaps unfairly, a reputation as a somewhat uncritical "do-gooder" and advocate of President Nasser. Time and again, he has seemed to give Nasser the benefit of the doubt and to take his side in inter-Arab power conflicts such as the adventure in Yemen or the more recent and continuing struggle with the Ba'ath regimes in Syria and Iraq.

It is this perhaps over-trusting attitude of Ambassador Badeau which appears to have brought him into conflict with his military and CIA colleagues. In particular, the military are keen to probe more actively Nasser's relations with the Soviet bloc. They want details of arms deliveries and of Nasser's domestic arms build-up. But large parts of Egypt are now prohibited areas and the military find they can get little help from Badeau in pressing their inquiries.

In Lebanon, Ambassador Armin Meyer is at odds with military and CIA officials on the delicate question of who is to succeed President Fuad Shehab when his term expires on September 22, 1964. The argument raging in the US Embassy in Beirut concerns the President's real intentions. Ambassador Meyer is convinced Shehab is sincere in wishing to retire from public life. He has a wide network of personal informants at all levels and he is prepared to back his own judgment on this issue. In private conversation, Meyer gives the strong impression that this is a question on which he needs no advice from specialized agencies. His dilemma, however, is that while believing Shehab is determined to retire, he still considers him the best man to govern Lebanon. The US, he says privately, is backing no other candidate.

But the CIA men are far more skeptical: in their view the President – who is popular with the Army and with certain Muslim interests who see in him a more tractable figure than other potential Christian candidates – may well be persuaded to serve a second term. They argue that he might step down when his term expires just long enough to allow a constitutional amendment to be pushed through which would enable him to return to office in triumph. Such a course may well be fiercely opposed and some US officials do not discount the possibility of violence – if not on the same scale as in 1958.

US officers in the Middle East are also divided in their estimate of the Ba'ath Socialist Party which this year seized power in Iraq and Syria. The Ba'ath gets

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good marks for its virulent anti-Communism, particularly in Iraq. But great caution remains. Many military men think the Ba'ath knocked out the Communists only because they were rivals, not because they disliked Communist objectives. In Syria, CIA officials remain very suspicious of the Ba'ath recalling its earlier alliance with the Communists in 1957 and the Marxist inspiration of much of its doctrine. In contrast, some US political officers in the Eastern Arab world tend to be enthusiastic about the Ba'ath seeing it as a well-structured political party with a popular base and a coherent program. They envisage the prospect of a unified Ba'ath state in Arab Asia as a viable alternative both to Communism and to Nasser's authoritarian rule and all-out socialism.

The Military in Spain

In Spain, the American military has lent a sympathetic ear to Generalissimo Francisco Franco.

The relationship between the US civilian and military authorities in Spain is different from that in most other countries because of the creation under the 1953 agreements of an American military establishment in Spain. The military holdings, though nominally and technically under Spanish command and the Spanish flag, are run by American officers. They include Strategic Air Command bases at Torrejon (Madrid), Moron (Seville) and Saragossa, a naval base at Rota, and a number of subsidiary installations including an important communications center at San Pedro. Even the naval base – 6,000 acres in extent and the largest US naval base outside the American mainland – is closely linked with SAC; in addition to a harbor dredged to accommodate all the ships of the 6th Fleet in the Mediterranean, including the gigantic carrier *Enterprise*, it has air strips capable of servicing the heaviest and most powerful planes of SAC. For this reason, the commander of the Joint United States Spain Military Group (JUSMG) and also of the Military Assistance Advisory Group is a two-star Air Force general; and the orientation of US military policy in Spain tends to be influenced by Air Force policy.

By tradition, confirmed by a directive issued by President Kennedy early in his term of office, the US Ambassador in any country is in control of all US activities within his area, including military activities. In Spain, however, the military commander had a great deal of independence. Although the embassy has a military attache, a naval attache and an air attache, their functions have been overshadowed since 1953 by the activities of the JUSMG commander with his deputies, a naval captain and an army colonel. The commander has his headquarters in the Spanish Ministry of Aviation, and has under his control some 25,000 Americans, including officers and dependents. He dispenses vast numbers of jobs and contracts to Spaniards and is inevitably a man of great importance.

From 1960 to June, 1963, the commander was Major General Joseph (Smoky) D. Caldara, who had extremely close personal relations with Captain General Munoz Grande and practically all the top echelon Spanish officers. He also accompanied Generalissimo Franco on many hunting parties. As an Air Force man, committed to the LeMay SAC doctrines, he considered the bases in Spain of vital importance to US politico-military policy. He was also personally sympathetic to the Franco regime and belived that US tension in Spain depended on supporting that regime because, in his view, any change would be dangerous to the US, even a change to another conservative system. While he was on duty, he made it his business to become the best-informed person in the country on Spain's industrial (as well as military industrial) potential. He did his job extremely well.

But in his final year, when the question of renewal of the 1953 agreements came up, he showed clearly that he sympathized with the Spanish view that steps should be taken to "modernize" the terms. For example, he agreed that the F-86 jet fighters should be replaced by F-104 (or even more modern) planes. At the same time, in Washington the view was that, while the agreements should be renewed, the Spanish military, economic and above all political "demands" were excessive, and should be toned down. Caldara had the full, emphatic support of the Air Force, but not of Secretary McNamara, nor of the Pentagon as a whole. He came to Washington and expressed his pro-regime feelings so strongly that it was decided not to renew his tour of duty. He was replaced by General Donovan, another two-star Air Force man, who had already served in Spain on a lower echelon.

The American Ambassador in Madrid, Robert Woodward, faithfully carried out his instructions from the State Department to be sympathetic but not to yield. Caldara carried on detailed technical negotiations with the Spanish military. The key negotiations, however, were left to the Spanish Ambassador in Washington Antonio Garrigues. The renewal was signed in Washington (unlike the 1953 agreements, signed in Madrid).

Spain is one of the countries in which US military authority might be expected to prevail over civilian authority. That this did not happen can be partly attributed to the fact that on big issues Secretary McNamara has the Air Force under control, and partly to President Kennedy's acceptance of civilian as well as military intelligence. The civilian intelligence men argued that the US no longer needed to support Franco uncritically or wholeheartedly, and that view was accepted in Washington.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Return to Cuba

The Revolution Is Still Alive

by Graham Greene

There are only three ways now into beleaguered Cuba, by Prague, Madrid (curiously enough) and Mexico. I chose Mexico, which I had not seen for a quarter of a century, and I remained glad of my choice, even after my pockets had been rifled of pounds and dollars within 10 minutes of landing. For Mexico is a warning to revolutionaries: it presents a remarkable tableau of a revolution which has failed.

Failure was beginning, as I remember it, 25 years ago: in the south there were the closed and ruined churches and the abandoned and resentful Indians; in San Luis Potosi a bandit-general who controlled the city's water and shut it off to irrigate his farm, and everywhere there were the politicians and the pistoleros, leaning from the balconies of their city halls and spitting down on to the poverty below.

Now, driving around the rich new suburb of Pedrigal, built on volcanic lava by a speculator who bought the arid land for a few dollars a hectare, one is aware that private wealth is again in full flood: the ingenious modern bungalows of steel, glass and wood (clinics for living in), gardens raised on the black lava base at enormous cost, swimming-pools which flow below the houses so that the lazy man can dive straight from his bed into the water. It is astonishing how many ultra-rich a poor country can support. "Money speaks," my driver said, "but it shouts in Mexico," as he pointed out to me the estate of the ex-Commissioner of Police.

Here in Mexico, he told me, as one item of cost led to another, a girl in a good house costs $16, but in the suburb of San Angel, with its cobbles and balconies and 17th-Century elegance, you pay $100, an inclusive charge. "The girls are swimming in a pool," the driver said, as though that were a specialty new to an Englishman. "You can have what you want, any girls, any drinks, no extras." He added reasonably, "But you would do better with $16, for a man cannot drink more than one bottle of whisky or two bottles of champagne, and one girl is surely sufficient for most men. With $100 you are paying only for illusion." The driver's name was Jesus and the conversation reminded me of many conversations in the old Havana.

Upon *this* revolution the United States never closed the frontier; assets were never frozen nor was trade discontinued. The Danae of revolution was softened by the golden shower. It might so easily have happened the same way in Cuba.

The attitude of Mexico to Cuba has the ambivalence of guilt. Jove who sent the golden shower must be propitiated, but in the memory of those living there *was* something called the Mexican Revolution. Was it not celebrated in a film by Eisenstein? It had artists – the sentimental Rivera, Orozco, the savage Siqueiros (but Siqueiros is now in jail – he did not realize in time that the revolution was over; it's safer now to do murals, like O'Gorman's, of Mexico's Aztec past).

To satisfy the ghost of revolution Cubana Airlines must be allowed to maintain a skeleton service to and from Mexico; to please the United States the passengers must be made as uncomfortable as possible. Their photographs are taken for police records and presumably for the FBI – even diplomats are photographed every time they carry a bag to or from Havana. Transit visas only are granted to passengers from Havana and the delay at the airport is prolonged beyond the limits of plausibility. I was lucky when I returned; I was cleared in a mere two and a half hours (the passenger list numbered 60). Mexican customs regulations are very lenient – most travelers will find their wants adequately covered by the long and detailed list of duty-free goods: "Eighteen pieces of underwear. . . . Fifteen pairs of socks. . . . Six shoes. . . . One pair riding boots. . . . One umbrella. . . . Two fine tie-clips, and two inexpensive tie-clips. . . . Fifty books. . . ." But every book that comes out of Havana is closely regarded – even my *Pickwick Papers* – and on a counter the pile of confiscated material rose to a height of two feet.

In Mexico one saw the American blockade in action. In the streets of Havana one saw the result. No Socialist country which I have visited has shown such a poverty of consumer-goods; photographs of Batista atrocities

---

GRAHAM GREENE, *the author of* Our Man in Havana *and two travel books,* Journey Without Maps *and* Lawless Road, *returned to Cuba late this summer for the London* Sunday Telegraph. *In a second article he will describe his impressions on return to Haiti.* *© Graham Green, 1963.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

take the place of goods in the windows. One bar is full – another empty: this indicates the temporary presence in one of soda-water or ginger-ale to help the rum down. In the Floridita, which was one of the great restaurants of the world, daiquiris may give out any day for lack of limes. I notice in my diary of 1957 that on November 11 I had for lunch there crayfish *au gratin* containing white truffles, asparagus and small peas. Now in 1963 I had some bean soup, tinned langouste and rice, one bottle of beer (served only with meals and never more than one), and coffee – this meal cost me $6.80.

All the same the Floridita is crowded, and by a new class of customer, who is neither rich nor old. A lot of money is chasing too few goods. In the old town it is almost impossible to find a taxi free, for if there is nothing much else to buy, a taxi-ride is always welcome. Your best policy is to find a taxi that has broken down and then stay beside it. As there are no spare parts at the garages it will be mended somehow, in time, and your patience will be rewarded. The driver borrows a knife from a man in a jockey cap who lounges all day in the square. Somehow he has procured, too, the sole of an old shoe. He cuts and carves and stamps a hole and presently the spare part is finished. His cheerfulness is unabated – it is impossible not to love this country.

A long queue stretching round a whole block is for a sudden release of basketballs (food-queues, except for bread, are not very evident: rations are staggered, so that it is only when your own number goes up in the store-window that you fetch your ration). Of course there is a lot to irritate – bureaucracy is a constant danger, and for a country in need of dollars, they make it unnecessarily difficult to change American Express checks. There must be times when the men from the mountains look back with nostalgia to the simple days of fighting before the days of forms. Bureaucracy, like Hemingway's battlefield, is strewn with paper.

Goodbye to All That

The Havana of which I have longer memories was the Havana of Batista; of that sad time only the big hotels on the Malecon – the great motorway along the bay of Mexico – survive and the smart respectable night clubs of Vedado. Havana then was a great open city for the bachelor on the loose. The Mambo, the brothel which greeted the incoming tourist on the road from the airport, is a restaurant now: the Blue Moon is closed: the discreet superior establishment on the Malecon also; Superman no longer goes through his nocturnal ritual – perhaps he is a refugee in Miami. The Shanghai Theater is shut and moulders away. There for $1.25 you could have seen a nude show with three blue films a night, and there was a pornographic bookshop in the foyer for those yet unsatisfied.

The roulette-tables too are gone from the hotels, and the fruit-machines – these like the brothels had been controlled in Batista's day by the members of Murder Incorporated. Anastasia's death in New York had its echo in Havana. For Havana was not a colony of America – it was a colony of Las Vegas, and with the departure of the gangsters the police have departed too. In 1958 they offered protection in the Chicago sense of the term; they were omnipresent, at every street corner and in every bar, and in every hotel entrance, in every casino. Now you would have to search a whole morning to find one uniformed policeman.

Let me jot down quickly a few other changes which catch the eye. When you drive out to the Country Club you pass the homes of millionaires. Washing hangs from the balconies; the garage doors are open and classes of peasants sit before blackboards. (Seventy thousand are being educated in Havana.) In the Country Club itself the portrait of the founder, Mr. Snope, still hangs in an unused drawingroom full of expensive tasteless furniture – Mr. Snope wears white riding breeches and a plaque records how he gave this park "for the well-being and happiness of the people" (the yearly subscription of "the people" ran into four figures).

Now the children of the dramatic school are eating a free lunch on the terrace and the new schools of music, ballet, folk-dancing, and of the plastic arts rise among the soft, green slopes, once a golf course. The schools of painting, sculpture and murals, designed by the young architect Ricardo Porro, resemble an African village built in brick. Each school has a roof like a kraal, little lanes wind intricately from one school to another, fountains unexpectedly play, every vista at every turn is different. It is like a village hidden among the hills and it reminds the visitor that Cuba is African as much as it is Spanish, and that the African has at last been freed – segregation is over.

For the problem today in Cuba is not a problem of freedom. The huge crowd that gathered before the monument to Marti to hear Castro's three-hour speech on July 26 was not the regimented or hypnotized crowd that used to greet Hitler.

This was a cheerful Bank Holiday crowd that had come to take part in an amusing show – Castro's speech was like a continuous movie: some came for an hour and moved away and others came. There were interludes of song, interludes of comedy, interludes of farce – a young man in front of me went down on all fours to make pig-noises when the invasion was referred to. Nor was the speech an exercise in empty rhetoric – in all Castro's speeches there is a sense of a man thinking aloud. He explains his course of action, he admits mistakes, he explains difficulties – one has the sense that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he respects the intelligence of his audience; and if he makes every point three times it is to clarify it to himself.

There is a touch of ancient Athens about Havana today; the Republic is small enough for the people to meet in the *agora*. Castro walks unexpectedly into the hotels and starts a discussion; he stops at a cafe where foreign students are gathered and is interrogated on Khrushchev's view of art. "Khrushchev is not a man of extremes. He is critical of everything, but I have never heard him criticize himself." Lorry-loads of small farmers come up from the country to lodge in the great hotels and discuss the new agricultural policy. They meet Castro – he is more accessible than Prime Minister Harold Macmillan was.

La Gloire

This availability, this continuing debate, is one answer to the problem: how to keep the sense of glory? For a revolution which began like a heroic fable with 12 men in the mountains pitted against an army and an air force is in danger from the growth of *ennui*. Guevara rules his ministry on strict Marxist lines, the tide of paper rises, but Fidel (not even his opponents call this man by his surname) fights his personal crusade to maintain the sense of glory and the sense of the unexpected. The arts have never been so encouraged (Socialist realism is a joke and not a threat); there is small danger of a Pasternak case with the state publishing house directed by a novelist of world reputation, Alejo Carpentier; Marxism here seems to be shedding much of its 19th-Century philosophy.

There is no inherent opposition between Marxist economics and Catholicism, and in Cuba coexistence with the church has proved easier than in Poland (Cuba is less strictly Catholic than Poland, just as Marxism here is less philosophical). On a recent anniversary of the attack on Batista's palace by a handful of young men led by José Antonio Echeverría the chairman read out the political testament of the dead leader and omitted a sentence: "We are confident that the purity of our intentions will bring us the favor of God, to achieve a reign of justice in our land." Castro leapt on the omission and based his whole speech upon it. "Can we be so cowardly, so mentally crippled, that we have the moral poverty to suppress three lines? What kind of concept is this of history? Can such cowardice be called 'the dialectical concept of history'? Can such a manner of thinking be called Marxism? We know that a revolutionary can have a religious belief. The Revolution does not force men, it does not intrude into their personal beliefs. It does not exclude anyone."

These are not empty words. When the Nuncio was celebrating the coronation of the new Pope last July Castro paid him a courtesy call which lasted for an hour and a half. Seven priests had been in prison (four had been taken in the company of armed rebels); all have now been released. The churches are open; catechism classes are taking place in Havana for 2,000 small children; in Santiago there has been a retreat for parents.

But through the radio the church in America continues to poison the wells. "Send your children to catechism to prove you are counter-revolutionary," they broadcast after the event. "Attend retreats and show that you are against the government." An American priest who accompanied the body of a dead American student back to Miami and gave a truthful interview to the press found himself rebuked by the Archbishop ("Confine yourself in future to the subject of brainwashing and leave the Catholic Church alone"). Bishop Fulton Sheen in a broadcast declared that the church in Cuba was persecuted in the same way as the church in China. Invincible ignorance? Perhaps, but laymen are warned by theologians not to rely on that plea. Perhaps it is a fortunate thing for the world that Fidel Castro was educated as a Catholic and knows that the voice of the American hierarchy is not the voice of the church. It is too often the voice of the Cold War.

I write "fortunate for the world," for here in Cuba it is possible to conceive a first breach in Marxist philosophy (not in Marxist economics) – that philosophy as dry as Bentham and as outdated as Ingersoll.

Let us speak of the comrade who received the order to skip the phrase. He is a poet. He has written a little book of poems and among his poems there is one called: "Prayer to the Anonymous God." First he told me about his religious beliefs, and later he told me that now he has a complex! How can he not have a complex, when he comes here and they tell him to skip that word? What does the Revolution become? A yoke. And that is not a Revolution. What does the Revolution become? A school of domesticated animals. And that is not Revolution.

This is a new voice in the Communist world.

NEXT WEEK: *A special report on "Health: Do We, the People, Get Our Money's Worth?"*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Svevo: News from the Past

by Richard Gilman

During the months just after the Second World War, when everyone was free to become concerned with literature again, or for the first time, a book that held a high place in some of our consciousnesses was *The Confessions of Zeno*. The fact was we had not read it, but we had it on authority that we must. We knew next to nothing about its author, Italo Svevo, except that that was not his real name, and that he had been a Jewish businessman and a friend of James Joyce, who was supposed to have uncovered his talents. But the paucity of facts about Svevo only made him more alluring; we felt toward him the way other Americans had felt, we knew, toward Kafka a few years before, that a remarkable new writer was floating mysteriously in the literary sub-firmament, a genius who purportedly went in oblique but marvelously accurate ways to the heart of our condition. It was a torment not to be able to get hold of his books.

This was long before the paperback revolution made everything available, the treasure houses and dustbins of world literature presenting themselves with equal magnanimity. In those days you had to hunt, and we searched for a copy of this increasingly fabulous underground novel with something of the zealous and unappeasable determination of cancer sufferers tracking down a cure. The image will appear far-fetched only to those who have never passed through the age when art is nothing if not salvation and every great writer is a redeemer. We felt afflicted by some malady from which, so we had been told, this strange and audacious book might deliver us, the way Proust had delivered us from time, Dostoevsky from optimism and Rimbaud from the stringencies of reason.

Literature, you eventually discover, cures nothing, except bad taste, unenlightenment and the itch to escape the condition of suffering humanity, but when you are young every quest for and encounter with a new great writer promises renewal, amendment and palpable health. We went on bargaining for salvation, but when we finally did come into possession of *The Confessions of Zeno* via the black market, it was to discover that what Svevo promised to cure us of was precisely our desire to be cured. We were, it turned out, without being able to formulate it or speak in its behalf, sick of health as the world defined it, tired of striving for strength, psychological heroism and muscular self-determination, and *The Confessions of Zeno*, as no other book we had known, showed us the possibilities of the imagination for taking us out of the hopeless business.

We were familiar with illness as a weapon against bourgeois complacency and well-being or as a perverse form of Prometheanism, we had been steeped in malaise as the proper subject of contemporary writing. But what Svevo had done in *The Confessions* went beyond what Proust, or Mann, or Strindberg or Eliot had accomplished, or intended; it seemed entirely new, even though there was an atmospheric resemblance to Kafka. He had taken illness as the condition of existence itself, making uprootedness, alienation, moral uncertainty and social weakness – as opposed to unseeing robustness and coerced integrity – into agencies of wily enduring and liberating instruments of self-knowledge. *The Confessions*, like every work of the art, but with a special force because it came to us after a period of atrocious deception, taught us what we really saw and felt.

"Health," its anti-hero, a towering progenitor of the species, declares, "cannot analyze itself . . . it is only we invalids who can know anything about ourselves." In the brilliantly comic novel that crystallized around this central proposition and exemplified it, Svevo, it seemed clear to us, had produced one of the masterful ironic visions of this century, so much of whose chief negotiations toward self-understanding have been carried on in the spirit of irony, the rueful and incorruptible undermining of the consecrated and the straightforward.

But there the matter stood. To his admirers, Svevo continued to be a modern master, and there are any number of literate Americans who came upon *The Confessions* by chance and today claim it as their favorite modern novel. But in the years since he first became known here we have been exceedingly slow to accord him the full study and detailed appreciation we have given to other Europeans; to Kafka, for example, with whose life and work his own have so many affinities. It was only a few weeks ago that *A Life*, the earliest of Svevo's three major novels, was published in this country, and there remain a good many novellas, stories and fragments that have still not been translated or that lie scattered in inaccessible collections or fugitive journals.

His life, so relevant to the writing, is almost as unknown. In England, where he has been enjoying a new period of attention, the facts have been made clear, but here this is mostly misinfor-

Italo Svevo – Books in English

A Life
translated by Archibald Colquhoun
(Knopf; $4.95)

Senilità
(As a Man Grows Older)
translated by Beryl de Zoete
(New Directions; $3)

The Confessions of Zeno
translated by Beryl de Zoete
(Vintage; $1.45)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mation, where there is any information at all, the chief myths being that he was a Sunday author who did not start working until he was past 40 and that it was Joyce who encouraged him to begin. The truth, as usual, is more interesting and more useful as well.

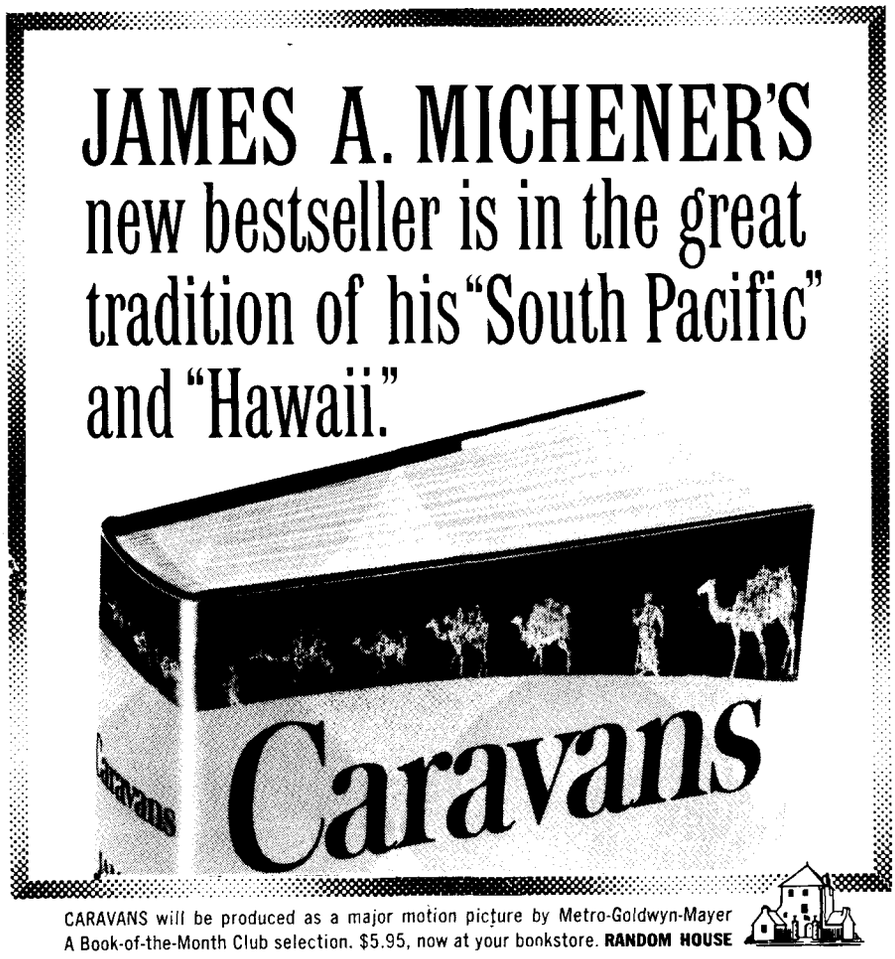
Italo Svevo was born in 1861 to a German-Italian-Jewish family settled in Trieste, which was then, as for all but the last ten years of his life, part of the Austro-Hungarian empire. His real name was Ettore Schmitz, the pen-name – Italo Svevo, or Italus the Swabian – being an indication, as the anonymous author of a recent essay in the *Times Literary Supplement* has pointed out – of how he regarded himself as the product of a frontier yet also cosmopolitan environment. The family was well established in the import-export business. Young Schmitz was educated in Germany and later studied business in Trieste until, when he was 19, his father's sudden bankruptcy obliged him to go to work in the local branch of a large Viennese bank. From then on his life was spent in business, at which he achieved considerable and apparently unbroken success.

But as others have demonstrated, it is not necessary to like business in order to succeed at it. Svevo was a fish perpetually out of water, who for a long time drew his real sustenance from writing, for which he was always prepared to give up his deceptively solid position in the world had circumstances permitted it. But when in 1892, at the age of 31, he published (at his own expense) his first novel, *A Life*, it was greeted with a profound and dismaying silence and almost no sale, which was also the fate, six years later, of his second book, *Senilità* (in English translation, *As a Man Grows Older*). He seems then to have given up writing in discouragement and thrown himself into his business affairs. The friendship with Joyce, which began in 1907, no doubt served to start him again, but it was nevertheless not until 1923 that he published the last and greatest of his novels, *The Confessions*. Five years later he died as the result of an automobile accident, having just begun work on a new long novel.

By this time he was famous, at least in Italy and in certain advanced circles in France. Joyce had fulfilled a private vow; he had placed his massive promotional powers in Svevo's service, communicating his enthusiasm for the Italian's work to the influential writers Valary Larbaud and Benjamin Crémieux, who in turn saw to it that Svevo was translated and talked about in France. In 1926 a special number of the *Navire d'Argent* was devoted to him, and this had the effect of at once awakening interest in him at home. Until then there had scarcely been a word about him in Italy; a few reviews of his early novels – which complained of his "weak and vacillating" main characters – and one or two essays over the years. But during the last two years of his life, dozens of critiques and articles were published about him, and he was assigned a place alongside Giovanni Verga as one of the two giants of modern Italian prose.

Yet however much Svevo owed to Joyce for advancing him on the world literary market, it is a question whether Joyce actually owed more to him. The truth seems to be that it was the young Irishman, teaching English in Trieste and getting ready to publish *Dubliners*, who was the bigger immediate beneficiary of their meeting. After Joyce had read *The Dead* to his middle-aged pupil and the latter's wife, they gave, as Stanislas Joyce tells us, "the first genuine and spontaneous sign of pleasure in the literary work of that outcast artist that I can recollect." Beyond that, Joyce passionately discussed the idea of Leopold Bloom with Svevo, so that it is not an extreme notion to consider that *Ulysses* owed something to this encounter between the rebellious young innovator and the quiet, self-effacing businessman-writer who had earlier broken in his own way with the traditions of the novel.

The break was not extreme at first – something we are able to see, now that Svevo's first novel is available to us. It was more a matter of spirit than of technique, a subtle if not unprecedented shift from the novel as recapitulation or interpretation, as social document, that is to say, to its use in ordering conflicting essences, in setting up an internal


JAMES A. MICHENER'S
new bestseller is in the great
tradition of his "South Pacific"
and "Hawaii."
Caravans
CARAVANS will be produced as a major motion picture by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. $5.95, now at your bookstore. RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

map and composing a counterforce to the claims of the world. The technique will change, becoming, finally, in *The Confessions*, a repudiation of narrative, conventional plot and psychological coherence, indeed deriving its own coherence from such purposeful repudiations. But at first it is anchored in naturalism – the oblique and almost mythical naturalism of Flaubert, however, and not that of Zola.

The protagonist will change, too, from a defeated, more or less circumscribed consciousness, to a diffuse and triumphant one, a comic destiny steadily replacing a tragic one. But these are tactical changes – instead of being assailed the world will be outflanked – and beneath the alterations in fate and direction a common nature remains. In a way that is almost unparalleled in recent fiction, Svevo's central figures, successive incarnations of himself, are created from an identical substance. They are all embattled with existence and illusion, caught in contradictory impulses and impossible dreams, inordinately self-conscious, divided, given to self-manipulation and self-apotheosis. Nitti, the protagonist of *A Life*, speaks of his "disproportionate desires;" Brentani, the central figure of *Senilità*, lives "in a perpetual state of impatient expectation," even though he has passed the age of possible fulfillment; Zeno confesses that "illusions sprang up after every shipwreck of my hopes."

In each case they illustrate what Paul Bourget has described as "le mal d'avoir connu l'image de la realité avant la realité." Their dreams and contradictory aspirations have unfitted them for the world; it is not that they "lack good will," Nitti explains, "only capacity . . . his defect was organic." Yet it is what one does with one's defective organism, how radically one can employ it for leverage and positioning, that determines whether one is to end in defeat, stasis or comic victory. Nitti dies, Bernardi reaches a plateau of neutralized hungers, Zeno, having placated and disarmed the world through mockery, is alone left in possession of himself. But he speaks for all of Svevo's fictionalized selves when he asserts that the nature of man is to be ill at ease in the world and alien to its dispositions:

". . . The more I thought of it the more original life seemed to me. And one did not need to get outside it in order to realize how fantastically it was put together. One need only remind oneself of all we men expect from life to see how very strange it is, and to arrive at the conclusion that man has found his way into it by mistake and does not really belong there."

The first of Svevo's anti-heroes, Alfonso Nitti of *A Life*, is entirely unable to exist within the terms of the mistake. A young man on a treadmill, or in a squirrel cage, he sees experience as forever poised just out of reach of his hungers and has no capacity to adapt his life of dream to the bulky, opaque pressure of the quotidian. In some respects the most directly autobiographical of Svevo's creations, he works as a clerk in a bank but his thoughts run to Nietzschean possibilities of superlife and to literature, which he is not able to produce. In his neurasthenia, he envies the solid "health" of the other employees and struggles desperately for balance in the midst of the "nausea" his petty work causes him and the daydreaming about "self-mastery, wealth and happiness" which he engages in so as to combat it.

He is sundered in the most profound way, since he is a man who is his own object: "This organism of his had now become a plastic concept which he reshaped to every new sensation." The one full-scale attempt he makes to break through into what he considers authentic life is a protracted, and for almost its entire course, platonic love affair with the daughter of the bank president, a powerful, remote man whom he is in awe of as the embodiment of the force and unassailable being which he lacks. But this is exactly what betrays him. It is a canon of Svevian psychology that we are perpetually displacing emotions and, even further, that we continually seize upon particular persons in order to gratify generalized needs, falling upon instances so that we may fulfill categories. It is the father Nitti wants, not the daughter, yet not even the father but his aura of strength: "He remembered that before realizing Annetta's grace and

"Although Khrushchev may have planned otherwise, this was not to be Khrushchev's year, but Foster's . . ."

JOHN FOSTER DULLES
The Last Year
by Eleanor Lansing Dulles

Foreword by Dwight D. Eisenhower

In this intimate, revealing, and objective portrayal by his sister, a distinguished economist and diplomat, one of the most powerful and puzzling figures of our time is illuminated against the backdrop of his final year, when, stubborn and dying, he stood in the way of the Russian challenge to the West. $4.95

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOURS FOR $1.00

THE STATESMAN'S YEARBOOK 1963 1964

Centenary Edition

Edited by

S.H. STEINBERG

Ph.D. Hist. S

(St. Martin's Press)

if you join the Contemporary Affairs Society now in a one year trial membership.

The Statesman's Yearbook

For 100 years has been acknowledged as the most authoritative and up-to-date reference book of its kind in the world. Independent, comprehensive and detailed, it contains every important verifiable fact on national and international affairs, and has come to be the indispensable companion of teachers, journalists, economists and government officials to whom reliable factual information is essential. The Centenary Edition, includes a Centenary Atlas Supplement, with a series of comparative maps that show population distribution and densities and political boundaries in 1863 and 1963. **Retail price: $10.00**

This authoritative volume is your **for $1.00** if you join the Contemporary Affairs Society—**the Book Club of the 60s**—and agree to purchase four monthly selections (or alternates) recommended by our distinguished Board of Judges, during the next 12 months, usually at savings **up to 25 per cent off** publisher's price. On joining C.A.S. you will receive free our monthly publication "Contemporary Affairs", which reports to you on important new books published here and abroad. With every hardcover book you purchase, after your first selection, you will receive a **bonus certificate** which may be used toward obtaining bonus books or other premiums. The monthly selection is sent automatically, unless you indicate that you do not wish it or prefer some other book.

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS SOCIETY

Sponsors: Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Fosdick, Marquis Childs; **Board of Judges:** Richard Rovere, John Sherman Cooper, Roscoe Drummond, Ernest K. Lindley, Louis M. Lyons, A.H. Raskin, Jerome B. Wiesner; **Chairman,** Robert G. Spivack.

USE THIS COUPON TO JOIN TODAY

Please enroll me as a member of the Contemporary Affairs Society and send my copy of THE STATESMAN'S YEARBOOK at $1.00. I agree to purchase at least four C.A.S. selections or alternates during the coming year at substantial savings and I understand that I am to receive bonus certificates with each hard-cover purchase after my first selection. I agree to advise you if I do not wish the monthly selection or prefer some other book or no book at all.

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS SOCIETY
NATIONAL PRESS BUILDING
WASHINGTON 4, D.C. SYNR 263

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ... State .....

If you are employed by an educational institution please give name of school and department .....

( ) Check enclosed (save postage and handling)

( ) Bill me later (postage and handling extra)

charm he had been excited by knowing that she was Maller's daughter, and from that agitation and emotion had come the feeling he called love."

When the affair is at last consummated he is instantly thrown up against this truth of the origin of his feeling and is powerless to continue. Like all Svevo's novelized alter egos, he makes an attempt at reaching transcendence through a postulation of its attributes and an arbitrary acceptance of its necessity. "Simplicity of habits was happiness, goodness was happiness, peace was happiness. And nothing else." But his venture has carried him too far. Challenged to a duel by the girl's brother, he lets himself literally drift into suicide, having come to know, without the possibility of assuaging the bitterness any longer, that "he felt incapable of living."

Emilio Brentani, around whom Svevo built his second novel, *Senilità*, is capable of living but only with the help of a massive illusion, and, after his inevitable disenchantment, of an artificial peace. He is older than Nitti, slightly less ineffectual – he has published a book which has been ignored – and more subtle in his self-estimation, but at bottom he is the same man, at a later stage of life and of his author's imagination. Like Nitti, he is split and has to proceed by reaction from himself; like the earlier character he is sustained by fantasies about a more complex existence. "In the course of his life he had dreamed of theft, murder and rape . . . experienced imaginatively the criminal's courage, strength and perverse desires." But as he enters middle age it is towards the absence of love that he desperately directs himself.

He succeeds in establishing a relationship with a sensuous young girl who is much inferior to him both socially and intellectually, and who lies to him and betrays him while his passion persists and even grows. But what lifts the novel immeasurably above the *Blue Angel* level is Svevo's investigation of the process of deception and ambiguous motivation – the displacement and substitution of one person for another and of persons for states of being – that he had initiated in *A Life*. Brentani comes to see that he has not wanted the girl but the conditions of love, and not simply for its own sake but for the transformation he expects from it:

> "Now that everyone allowed him to do exactly what he wanted, he did not really want anything, anything at all. The reason why he wanted to try and see Angiolina again was that he might . . . acquire a certain warmth of thought and speech which was lacking within himself and which he must supply from outside."

His sister with whom he lives, is a secret alcoholic futilely in love with his best friend, a sculptor who is one of Svevo's figures of strength and normality. It is her death, precipitated by Brentani's single-minded pursuit of his desires, that brings him to awareness and to a final arrest of feeling and ambition within a protective stillness and humility that nevertheless leaves him feeling like "someone who has had an important part of his body amputated." In the description of the sister's deathroes we can read a grave and lyrical statement of Svevo's stringent vision of our fateful duality:

> "It seemed the expression of a mild affliction, a humble but conscious protest. It was in fact the lament of matter which, already abandoned by the spirit, and beginning to disintegrate, was uttering the sounds it had learned during its long period of painful consciousness."

Between *Senilità* and *The Confessions of Zeno* there is a public silence of 25 years, during which, although we have only the masterpiece as testimony, a far-reaching change has taken place. With *The Confessions*, Svevo's vision, while retaining its basis in alienation and the incommensurability of desire with experience, has been purged of its pathetic elements and its acceptance of defeat. Like a judo master turning his opponent's strength against him, Svevo has mastered the world by allowing its claims and values to establish their inconsequence and irrelevance to authentic being, and by turning its stigmas and execrations into ironic signs of superiority; an urbane, splendidly civilized imagination has slipped out of the net.

Zeno Cosimi shares a deep estrange-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment and a neurasthenic, infinitely self-conscious nature with Nitti and Bernardi, but he is able to function because he understands these things as the condition of man and not as a personal, idiosyncratic calamity. It is this metaphysical dimension of the book (a metaphysics which is never permitted to speak in place of comic action and rueful investigation) that distinguishes it from almost all other modern novels about alienation or disfunctioning, and brings it closer to the thought of the Existentialists and the plays of "Absurdists" like Beckett and Ionesco. Zeno-Svevo – in his ultimate incarnation as out-patient and displaced person – has found his "health" in the permanent liberty of the imagination to decide what health is and to create monuments to the search for that.

The other kind of health, that which the world demands as expiation and proof of identity, "can only belong to the beasts, whose sole idea of progress lies in their own bodies." For Svevo, most contemporary of spirits yet most perennial of artists, the only progress lies in a nearer and nearer approach to our truth.

Myrdal's Long Look at Us

by Peter L. Bernstein

> "None is watched so suspiciously as the one who is rising. None has so little license, needs all his virtue so much as the leader. And America for its own security cannot retreat from leadership. . . . The most important problem in the world today is how to move the American economy out of the automatism of relative economic stagnation."

With these words, Gunnar Myrdal, sums up the thesis of his new book, *Challenge to Affluence*. Myrdal, an outstanding Swedish economist and sociologist, has been a sympathetic and keen student of American economic and social trends in the past, so he can claim to speak with some authority and understanding about America's current predicaments.

Challenge to Affluence
by Gunnar Myrdal
(Pantheon; $3.95)

Much that is in this book is indisputable; a great deal of it is wise. Myrdal is clearly on the side of the angels: he wants America to continue to lead the West, believes its leadership in turn depends ultimately upon a resurgence of economic strength and growth, and that a healthy economy can be achieved only through the elimination of poverty and the pursuit of major social and economic reforms. Too few people have seen the vital interconnection among these forces, so Myrdal's contribution here is an important one.

But if the book has much truth and wisdom, if it reflects a passionate attachment to social justice and Western ideals, then its all too frequent bald assertions of viewpoints, its unsupported conclusions, its lazy use of long quotations from earlier Myrdal works, and its lack of literary grace are all the more to be deplored. This is a good book that should have been a great one.

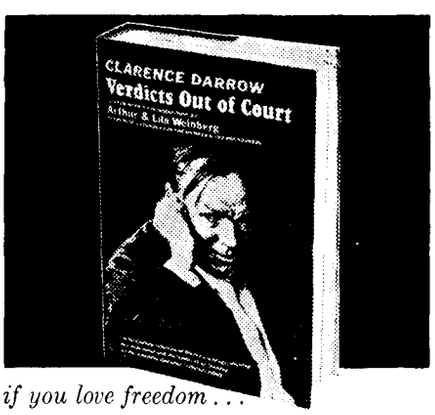
Those who already agree with Myrdal will be disappointed at finding so few new slants to help them sustain an essentially controversial position. Those who disagree will be irritated by the use of the word "irrational" to describe anything with which the author disagrees. Those as yet uncommitted will wonder why, if Myrdal's argument is valid, so much of what he advocates is the cause of bitter opposition.

Myrdal believes that the American economy won't get moving again by itself and that the modest nudges now under consideration will fail to create sustainable and steady long-run economic growth. Rather, our goal must be "fundamental changes in the conditions under which the American economy develops," most especially by "taking vigorous measures within the American nation to induce greater quality of opportunity and of standards of living." In brief:

> "At this juncture of history, there is a striking convergence between American ideals of liberty and equality of opportunity on the one hand, and of economic progress on the other. Indeed, the chief policy means of spurring economic progress will have to be huge reforms that are in the interest of social justice."

Myrdal is not exaggerating when he uses the words "fundamental," "vigorous," and "huge" to describe what he has in mind. Thus, he is deeply disturbed about the increasingly structural character of unemployment in this country, with its consequent creation of an "underclass" of unskilled workers caught in the vicious circle of poverty, lack of education, and immobility. To this end, he calls for "vocational training of all types . . . as a duty of government . . . huge reforms in the field of education . . . paid for by public authority . . . right away and on a large enough scale."

But he makes the vital point that education and retraining will fail to cure the problem of unemployment unless aggregate demand is expanding at the



if you love freedom . . .

Clarence Darrow's
VERDICTS OUT OF COURT
will come alive for you.

Darrow on war, the Negro, politics, capital punishment, divorce . . . all startlingly relevant today in this first collection of his debates, essays, and fiction. Crisp, witty commentaries of an insightful and enduring social philosophy from the legendary Attorney. "A fascinating collection . . ." *Irving Stone.*

Edited with an introduction by Arthur (*Attorney for the Damned*) and Lila Weinberg. $6.95 at your favorite bookstore. *A Mid-Century Book Society Selection.*

QUADRANGLE BOOKS, INC.
CHICAGO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN ACCOMMODATION FROM THE NEW REPUBLIC

Briefly:

you may purchase any book recently reviewed in *The New Republic* for 20 percent less than its retail price. Some of these books are listed in the coupon (below) with the bookstore prices and the lower rates to which you are entitled as a reader of *The New Republic.*

Your check must accompany the order. (We cannot bill you, because the bookkeeping and clerical costs would be prohibitive.)

You may order direct from us, as shown below. *Mail to*

THE NEW REPUBLIC
shipping department
1244 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.

Please send me a copy of each book I have checked off below.

☐ Mitford: *American Way of Death*
(retail price: $4.95) PRICE $3.96

☐ McCarthy: *The Group*
(retail price: $5.95) PRICE $4.76

☐ Rossiter and Lare: *The Essential Lippmann*
(retail price: $7.50) PRICE $6.00

☐ Becker: *Outsiders: The Sociology of Deviance*
(retail price: $5.00) PRICE $4.00

☐ Tarsis: *The Bluebottle*
(retail price: $4.50) PRICE $3.60

TOTAL:_____*

*My check for this amount is enclosed.

Name_____
(please print)

Street_____

City_____ Zone___ State_____

same time. With high demand, automation becomes a means to economic progress rather than a cause of unemployment. Therefore, "business should be given a spurt to expand rapidly."

All this implies enormous public expenditures "which in the first place will improve the lot of the poor." The slums can be eradicated, hospitals and schools built, and urban transportation systems revitalized. More and better facilities can be provided for the increasing number of old people as well.

Does this threaten inflation? Then we may be "under the compulsion to deviate further from laissez-faire in compensating for deficiencies in [our] institutional infrastructure." Thus, Myrdal calls for government control of administered prices, for greater government intervention in the wage bargaining process, and, if necessary, control of profits as well.

All of these measures, he believes, are essential for vigorous economic growth, upon which in turn our world influence depends. And here he is unquestionably right. In a brilliant analysis of the American character, he points out that we are broad-minded and magnanimous winners but extremely poor losers. And this means that "a weak America will not only lose its influence but (through frustration) use the influence it has for the wrong purposes and in a wrong way. . . . The danger will increase if the difference in economic growth rates remains."

Now, all this is heady stuff. While aids to education and more vigorous use of the government's spending and taxing facilities have had some of the tarnish of original sin taken from them in recent years, wage, price, and profit control and massive public outlays on communal projects still give rise to genuinely sincere cries of anguish. The steel price fracas of 1962 is evidence of businessmen's extreme sensitivity to government intervention in the decision-making process, while the idea of public spending *specifically designed* to "improve the lot of the poor" is much too socially dynamic for current American tastes (look at the difference in treatment between housing or vocational training bills and armament bills in the Congress).

For these reasons, Myrdal's failure to deal more effectively with his opponents is all the more to be regretted. It serves little purpose to say that "the concept of a 'balanced budget' . . . is an irrational construct" and let it go at that. Nor does it help an argument to limit one's only comment on monetary policy to say that it is "clumsy and largely ineffective." All he says about interest rates is that they should be kept low. He regrets "the intensive lack of interest, to put it euphemistically" of American businessmen in long-range economic planning, but sums up the matter by saying that their attitude "would seem to be irrational."

The greatest understatement in the book comes late in it, when the author admits that he has "taken only scant consideration to what is politically feasible in present-day America."

But the objection that the sympathetic reviewer finds is less that Myrdal's proposals have a utopian tinge, or that he should have explored more fully the reasons why these reforms meet such passionate objections. Rather, what is missing is sufficient argument against these objections to persuade Americans to think differently about economic and social matters. The case for deficit spending must be supported by an analysis of the role and character of the national debt. Socially dynamic measures must be buttressed with a discussion of how income redistribution may increase the aggregate demand for goods and services. Price, wage, and profit controls can be put forth only by a thorough analysis of how they might allocate labor and resources more effectively than the market arrangements we now employ.

While the logical necessity for some of these measures may be apparent to a few observers, the mass of American consumers and businessmen are scared to death of them. The task before their proponents, therefore, is to show how and why they are workable, not just to proclaim them as essential steps to our greater glory.

Coming

The New Statesman

by Malcolm Muggeridge

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inside Looking Out

by Gerald W. Johnson

This book meets two of the three criteria that lawyers say define first-rate advocacy. It is clear, and it is cogent, but it is not convincing, except in that small part of it that is not argumentative. The bulk of it consists of the speeches and papers in which the chief of our delegation at the United Nations has presented the case of this country. The proof that it is not convincing is

Looking Outward:
Years of Crisis
at the United Nations
by Adlai E. Stevenson and others
(Harpers; $5)

the bald fact that the cold war persists, whereas if our case had been persuasive, some sort of accommodation would have been reached long ago.

Before elaborating the point, it is as well to dispose of the minor part of the volume. It includes a running commentary by Robert L. and Selma Schiffer, editors of the text, a preface by John F. Kennedy flatly asserting that, whatever may be the sentiments of some of the Palace Guard, the President is not repudiating his ambassador to the UN; and an introduction and a few short essays in which Adlai Stevenson speaks *qua* Stevenson, and not as an official mouthpiece. These include a defense of the institution of Fathers' Day, a tribute to Robert Frost, a commencement address at Radcliffe and, at the end, the eulogy pronounced at the memorial service to Eleanor Roosevelt. Of these, it is enough to say that they are Stevenson at his most charming.

But when he speaks as our ambassador at the United Nations, while the words are his, the ideas are the resultant of many forces, including history as well as the current government at Washington. To an appreciable extent these ideas are shaped by outside forces, for instance, Nikita Khrushchev, Mao Tse-tung and Fidel Castro. The contribution of Stevenson consists chiefly of lucidity, and next of cogency. Since the speaker is Stevenson, of course, a flashing phrase *will* break through occasionally ("We are forever running today to catch up tomorrow with what science made necessary yesterday." "Why do so many people feel that to be immortal a speech must be eternal?") but for the most part officialdom speaks through the man as a transmitter.

The position of the United States, as presented in these pages, is that the sole purpose of our membership in the United Nations is to assist in establishing internationally the rule of equal justice under law. That position is presented with great clarity and irrefutable logic; and it is a matter of common knowledge that when a speaker is clear and cogent, but not convincing, the explanation is usually to be found, not in the oratory, but in some extraneous circumstance that negates the oratory.

In this instance the circumstance is not far to seek – we hear, and we understand, but nobody believes a word of it.

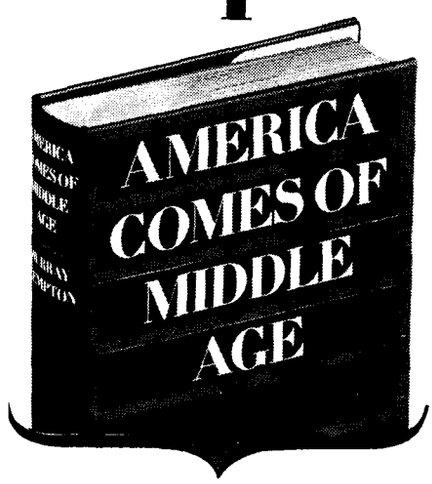
Well, "nobody" is extreme. Let us say an effective majority does not believe, which raises the question of why they are skeptical. Part of the answer certainly relates to the histories of the Russians and the Chinese. Their experience has so conditioned them that perhaps it is a psychological impossibility for them to believe. For that we are not responsible and can do no more than hope that time will reverse the conditioning.

But there is another factor probably no less potent in inducing skepticism. Forget the Chinese and the Russians. Do you, who are now reading *The New Republic* and *ipso facto* may be regarded as a candid and intelligent observer – do you believe that Stevenson's words present the opinion of a solidly efficient majority of the American people? If so, how do you account for the howls of execration that follow whenever the Administration at Washington takes action that sanctions by deed what Stevenson has presented in words at New York?

The test-ban treaty, the proposed deal in wheat, the suggestion that we split the check on this appallingly expensive trip to the moon – all these mild indications of a pacific disposition have produced reactions nothing short of

Don't miss the new book by the writer "who exposes every pretension, right and left."

Murray Kempton



A SELECTION of Murray Kempton's best pieces written during the period from 1950 to 1962. *New Republic* readers need no introduction to the work of one of their most celebrated editors whose vivid perceptions on men and events are widely respected for their substance of wit, aphorism, irony and passion.

You'll read about:

Jimmy Hoffa	Adlai Stevenson
Tony Anastasia	Sal Maglie
Billy Graham	Martin Luther King
Richard Nixon	Harry Truman
Nikita Khrushchev	Carmine De Sapio
Joseph McCarthy	Westbrook Pegler

"A writer like Murray Kempton, who joyously exposes every pretension, right and left, is the necessary antidote to the danger that those with influence might take themselves too seriously. Democratic society needs Kemptons." —ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

At all bookstores • $6.50

Little, Brown • Boston

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deafening. Obviously, there is a segment of American opinion that repudiates, renounces and denounces the position expounded by our ambassador at the UN. One may believe – I do – that this segment, like *Alouatta ursina*, the howling monkey, is equipped with lung power out of all proportion to its size; but that it exists the ringing welkin proves beyond debate.

Is *Looking Outward* then worth reading? Well, any book by a master stylist is enjoyable, but the people who will enjoy this one don't need it, and those who do need it probably could not be forced to read it by any means, no, not by the electric cattle-prods that the New Orleans police find so effective to torture school-children.

Come to think of it, there may be the conclusion of the whole matter – Stevenson is a Silver Tongue, but the cattle-prod, to the outside world, is more eloquent by far than he is.

Apprenticeship of a Soldier

by Charles Burton Marshall

Nearing 53, with 32 Army years behind him, George Catlett Marshall was a lieutenant colonel. Douglas MacArthur, whom he had ranked by a year when they were lieutenants, had four stars. Having risen to colonel in World War I, Marshall was listed for promotion to brigadier general when the Armistice interposed. Peacetime retrenchment reduced him to major. He waited 18 years to become colonel again – years of increasing concern lest his first star should come too late to permit moving on to the high places he felt himself cut out for.

George C. Marshall: Education of a General, 1880-1939
by Forrest C. Pogue
(Viking; $7.50)

Marshall, though not pushy, was not self-deprecating, either. Many others described him as the Army's best all-around officer. Implicity, he shared the estimate. He was too proud or too careful to invoke political pressure, but not too self-effacing to ensure against being overlooked. By letters he begged his aging friend, General John J. Pershing, to urge his record on the Secretary of War's attention. "I have been told that no one else in the list of colonels can match mine," he said.

That was in 1934. Two more years passed before the creaky promotion system ground out a star for him. Then in 1939 Hugh Drum overplayed his hand in lining up political support and was passed over for Chief of Staff. The office – with its four stars, later to become five – went to Marshall. He took his oath on the same day as the Germans invaded Poland – late but at a time of portent for an officer sure of his qualifications for high responsibility and fame.

At that point, in the General's fifty-eighth year, Forrest C. Pogue's first biographical volume leaves off. The two volumes yet to come will present a chronicle eight or ten times as intensive as the first, for they will unfold the dozen years which made the man historically memorable: the great strategic decisions of World War II, the intricacies and bafflements of the China mission, the two years as Secretary of State productive of the Truman Doctrine, the European Recovery Program, and the first venture into alliances; and then the final public service as Secretary of Defense in the Korean War – with a climactic juncture when Marshall recommended to President Truman the relief of MacArthur.

The biography is billed as definitive. Pogue, as director of the George C. Marshall Research Center, has been vouchsafed exclusive access to the subject's papers. The Marshall career in public service turned out to be one of the longest and most varied of American history – in these respects on a par with John Marshall's, John Quincy Adams', or Dwight Eisenhower's. In this first volume the account is simple – a long story about getting ready and then waiting and waiting – important more for what it prefigures than for what it narrates.

Son of a Democrat in Republican-dominated Pennsylvania, Marshall apparently gave no thought to trying for West Point. His choice of the Virginia Military Institute reflected interest in engineering rather than a decision for the military profession.

The idea of an Army career apparently was generated by applause at a parade welcoming troops back from the Spanish-American War. The drive to succeed began to show when, as a lieutenant, he led his class at the staff college at Leavenworth. Proficiency in big matters was demonstrated in his work as planning officer for Hunter Liggett's First Army in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. The interwar years seemed an anticlimax – chores as aide to Pershing, then Chief of Staff, a tour of duty in China with opportunity to study the language and the countryside; efforts to improve the infantry course at Benning; zealous efforts for the Civilian Conservation Corps; an interval with the Illinois National Guard; and so on.

Not much of it is stirring. Some of the detail is passingly interesting: Marshall, then a VMI cadet on spring vacation, barging in on President McKinley to see about a commission; Marshall, with the First Division staff, showing temper and temerity in talking back to Pershing to rebut an unfair critique after a review; Pershing and Marshall getting frivolous on prohibition Scotch when they were aboard a night train.

A reader is left to ponder the factors of greatness. In George Marshall's case the explanation scarcely lay in arts of communication. In retrospect, he was critical of VMI for not having taught him to write well – as if college could do that, and as if one could not teach oneself. He once owned to using Har-

IS GOLDWATER TURNING LEFT?

You will not want to miss reading National Review's *answer, in the October 22 issue. Write today for your copy, and be sure to tell your friends – they'll want one too.*

For the October 22 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, send 25¢ to Dept. R-8, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old Gray's "Little Orphan Annie" comic strip as a rhetorical model.

The career is not explicable in terms of warmth and charm. The man was thoughtful, earnest, and diligent, but aloof. "I have never heard anyone but Mrs. Marshall call him 'George'," Dean Acheson recalled. Intellectual power is not the explanation. Marshall had wide curiosity but not a matching intentness to sustain systematic investigation or deep reflection. Even his passion to succeed was a weakness in this respect, according to Pogue, for it led to avoidance of endeavors in which he did not feel sure of excelling. He could scarcely be said to have been well read into the nature of the totalitarian forces against which he was called upon to contend. It is interesting to compare this treatment of him with Field Marshal Ironsides' diary – thus to note contrasts between a commander with considerable capacities for coping with events but without a penetrating comprehension of them, and another who understood so well but lacked the arts for doing much about the matters he understood.

With Marshall success seemed to stem from habits making for reliability plus huge capacity for taking charge. He emanated authority and exercised it with grace – as did another great George, namely Washington. In a way Grant, as general, seemed to have the endowment, according to the portrayal in Edmund Wilson's *Patriotic Gore*. The faculties are essentially those described, yet not quite defined for us, in Barnard's *The Functions of the Executive*.

Perhaps it is a matter of mystique. Thus Charles de Gaulle has described it in *The Edge of the Sword:* "Prestige is largely a matter of feeling, suggestion, and impression, and it depends primarily on the possession of an elementary gift, a natural aptitude which defies analysis. The fact of the matter is that certain men have, one might say from birth, the quality of exuding authority as though it were a liquid, though it is impossible to say precisely of what it consists." If the quality was not innate in George Marshall, he surely achieved it and stored it up in amplitude for the later years. That real but intangible trait, most definite among one's remembered impressions of him, is what comes through in Forrest Pogue's first volume.

Behind the Hathaway Shirt

by Martin Mayer

Like some other advertised goods, David Ogilvy's *apologia pro vita sua* promises a little more on the label than it delivers in the package. No priest would give Ogilvy absolution on the basis of these confessions – or would, indeed, know what penance to prescribe. Though the book contains charming bits of self-deprecation, and a few alarming indiscretions, its confessorial objectives are about those you would expect from a man in a personal service business who is responsible for a $100,000 payroll every week. Trade rumor has it that a lot of the original manuscript wound up on the cutting-room floor. Ogilvy's first chapter, for example, was delivered originally as a talk to his staff, and printed in *Advertising Age*, and a few of the more entertaining sections of that talk are not in the book – one misses particularly Ogilvy's revelation that while he drives a Rolls Royce when people are watching, he drives a battered Plymouth where nobody can see him. The reader sometimes itches to know what has been cut – for Ogilvy is a remarkably honest man, honest in his egotism, his ambitions, his admirations and (as far as possible) his work.

Confessions of an Advertising Man
by David Ogilvy
(Antheneum; $4.95)

What remains in the book is a partial introduction to one of the more likeable and legitimately odd figures in the American business scene, and a primer of advertising, mostly on the "Oh, look, Sally" level. A Scot by birth but speaking in the received pronunciation of southern England, Ogilvy is a connoisseur of snobbishness, and can be a truly great snob himself ("Lady Hendy, my Socialist elder sister," for example, or "Max Burns, a fellow-director of the New York Philharmonic"). He has moments of monumental self-importance, when he describes his agency as "the *atelier* of a master," comparing it to the Cavendish Laboratory and himself to Lord Rutherford; on one hilarious page he prints as comparable items a letter of resignation he solicited from a departing copy chief ("You invented me and have taught me how much I do not know") and Lord Alanbrooke's tribute to Winston Churchill ("Occasionally such supermen exist on this earth"). A compulsive worker himself, he is not ashamed to be a slave-driver ("I figure that my staff will be less reluctant to work overtime if I work longer hours than they do"). Redeeming these shocks, however, is Ogilvy's still-boyish enthusiasm, at the age of 51, after fifteen years of really hard labor as an advertising man on this side of the Atlantic. He loves advertising, he loves being proprietor of a big agency, and for all his uppity manners he really rises above the business only when wafted away by his awakened sense of humor.

Ogilvy's reputation began with the eyepatch he put on Baron Wrangel to advertise Hathaway Shirts. "What struck me as a moderately good idea

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

tells for the first time not only the political story of Trotsky in exile but also the largely unknown and tragic "human story" —

The Prophet Outcast

In the concluding volume of one of the most important political biographies of our time, Mr. Deutscher also discusses the impact of Trotskyism on America and tells the story of Trotsky's remarkable counter-trial conducted in Mexico by the Joint Commission of Inquiry under John Dewey's leadership. Now, a quarter-century later, current events reflect the continuing vitality of the issues Mr. Deutscher explores. Illustrated. $9.50

At all bookstores
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JULES FEIFFER

IT IS TIME FOR A SERIOUS CRITICAL EVALUATION OF THIS SEASON'S TV NEWS PROGRAMS. NUMBER ONE - THE **HUNTLEY, BRINKLEY** SHOW.

IT IS NOT THE NEWS THAT IS IMPORTANT IN THIS PROGRAM. RATHER, IT IS THE COMPLEX RELATIONSHIP OF THE TWO HEROES. THE VIEWER IS COMPELLED TO ASK: DO THEY LIKE EACH OTHER TODAY? WOULD DAVID PREFER TO WORK IN NEW YORK? WOULD CHET PREFER WASHINGTON? WHEN CHET SEEMS DEPRESSED BY EVENTS WE WORRY, NOT BECAUSE OF THE EVENT, BUT BECAUSE OF ITS EFFECT ON CHET.

WHEN DAVID BECOMES INCREASINGLY WRY WE WANT TO SHAKE HIM. "**DAVID, DAVID**," WE WOULD LIKE TO CRY OUT, "DO YOU NOT SEE HOW SAD CHET IS? **HELP** HIM, FOR HEAVENS SAKE! **HELP** HIM!" AND WHEN EITHER CHET OR DAVID IS AWAY ON HOLIDAY WE BECOME BORED. OF WHAT IMPORTANCE ARE WORLD AFFAIRS ONCE THE HUMAN INTEREST IS REMOVED?

SECOND, LET US LOOK AT THE **WALTER CRONKITE** SHOW. UNLIKE CHET AND DAVID, CRONKITE DOES NOT USE THE NEWS AS A BACKGROUND. CRONKITE **IS** THE NEWS. WE ONLY NEED LOOK AT HIM TO KNOW THAT IT WAS **HE** WHO SENT UP GLENN, SCHIRRA AND CARPENTER - AND IT WAS **HE** WHO BROUGHT THEM DOWN SAFELY.

WHILE HUNTLEY AND BRINKLEY MAKE THE NEWS LESS IMPORTANT BECAUSE OF THEIR PERSONAL INVOLVEMENT WITH IT, CRONKITE MAKES THE NEWS MORE IMPORTANT BECAUSE HE DEIGNS TO ASSOCIATE WITH IT.

CRONKITE IS OUR HERO. THE NEWS AROUND HIM IS A SOCIAL CLIMBER. THEREFORE VIET NAM IS IMPORTANT WHEN CRONKITE SAYS SO, **NOT** WHEN VIET NAM SAYS SO. CRONKITE KNOWS. **TRUST** CRONKITE.

WHILE EACH OF THESE SHOWS HAS ITS OBVIOUS MERITS, ONE CAN NOT HELP BUT FEEL THAT A MERGER WOULD IMPROVE THE QUALITY OF BOTH. CRONKITE, PERHAPS, PLAYING THE FATHER ROLE, HUNTLEY AND BRINKLEY, HIS SOMBRE AND WITTY SONS. EACH OBSERVING WORLD AFFAIRS BY HIS OWN LIGHT AND GAINING A DEEPER KNOWLEGE OF HIS PLACE IN THAT WORLD AS THE TELEVISION SEASON PROGRESSES.

UNTIL ONE DAY - A TALL DARK STRANGER RIDES INTO TOWN - IT IS JOHN DALY.

©1963 JULES FEIFFER

10-5

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a wet Tuesday morning," he writes, "made me famous. I could have wished for fame to come from some more serious achievement." On the inside of the book jacket, he prints samples from eight of his favorite campaigns (not, incidentally, including Hathaway). Most readers of magazines will remember the ads – for Schweppes, for Puerto Rico, for Rolls Royce, for the British Travel Association. Well-written and sensible, with a minimum of razzle-dazzle (even the Schweppes ads, featuring Commander Whitehead's beard, are much more sober than what is run for the same product in Britain), Ogilvy magazine ads perceptibly if not significantly changed the tone of American advertising and the American copywriter's view of himself.

What made Ogilvy's advertising influential, however, was often a misunderstanding of what he was trying to do. In most respects, Ogilvy is a highly conventional advertising man. His heroes are the great vulgar salesmen of the tradition – Claude Hopkins, Frank Hummert, Rosser Reeves – and he is probably more willing to generalize from mail-order experience than any other major advertising figure of his generation. Though his ads (like Bill Bernbach's ads for Volkswagen and Ohrbach's) have been widely praised for the amusement they give their readers, they are solidly based wherever possible (again like Bernbach's ads) on a "reason-why" the reader should buy the brand. "Good copywriters," Ogilvy writes, "have always resisted the temptation to *entertain*." Ogilvy's first and greatest love is selling. His ads are different because his view of himself, his personality and his background are such that he must achieve at least the appearance of good taste while delivering his pitch. And whatever the rules say, there are occasions when good taste requires the advertiser to give the reader a little entertainment in return for his attention.

How personal Ogilvy's achievements are – how little they are related to any novel view of advertising – is illustrated throughout the book in the copycat homilies directed to aspiring copywriters and potential clients. Ogilvy knows his prescriptions are not new, but sometimes he seems not to realize that they contradict each other. Advising on travel advertising, for example, Ogilvy will follow Recommendation No. 4 ("Write in adult language – not in the clichés of conventional travel advertising") with Recommendation No. 8 ("Beware of esoteric subjects. . . . The foreign tourist – the customer – is out to collect clichés"). In a list of suggested procedures for clients, Ogilvy first recommends elaborate, extensive and intensive testing of everything that goes into an advertising campaign – and then, in the next paragraph, urges "hurry." Well, you can't have both; and Ogilvy, who must sometimes agonizingly choose between, knows it.

On the general issue, Ogilvy first takes the elevated view that "the customer isn't a moron; she is your wife" – and then insists that the copywriter "avoid analogies of the 'just as, so to' variety" because "these two-stage arguments are generally misunderstood." But it is precisely this sort of argument by analogy that gives Ogilvy's wife, or my wife, or your wife, the feeling that she really understands what you are saying, and has a place to fit it in her personal *gestalt*. For the great majority of advertising purposes, the customer is neither Ogilvy's first wife nor his second wife (these *Confessions* do not touch on such matters as wives), and the advertising man who clears his copy at home is as much a figure of fun to the trade as the president of the client company who is always proclaiming "My wife says. . . ." Ogilvy put in a long stretch working for George Gallup, and claims to be primarily research-minded in his view of advertising; but if advertising research has demonstrated anything, it is the fact that the prospective customer is not Mrs. Ogilvy.

Even greater confusions are present in the last chapter, pleasantly entitled "Should Advertising Be Abolished?" (Ogilvy thinks not). Ogilvy is disingenuous when he accepts the economists' rather silly division of advertising into informative (good) *vs.* competitive (bad), and then ranks with the good guys the advertising that launches new brand names into the dense fog of essentially identical products. (The social advantage of competition by advertising as against competition by price, of course, is that the latter tends to decrease diversity and degrade quality – *viz.*, the pre-1955 Japanese export or

East Europe

A Monthly Review of East European Affairs

The Sino-Soviet rift has been making headlines. At the same time, nationalistic tendencies in Eastern Europe have further undermined the unity of the communist world. In recent issues EAST EUROPE has reported on Rumania's economic quarrel with Moscow, on the slow political thaw in Czechoslovakia, on the conflicting cultural policies of Poland and Hungary, and on the growth of Tito's influence in Eastern Europe.

To be better informed on behind-the-news events in the communist world, subscribe now to

EAST EUROPE, 2 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

1 year $3.00 ☐ 2 years $5.50 ☐ 3 years $8.00 ☐

Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later ☐

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone..... State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John's Bargain Stores – while the former tends to promote diversity and maintain quality. Price competition improves efficiency, and advertising competition usually doesn't. Social critics, even those as able as Professor Galbraith, easily forget that all choice of goods implies also a choice of evils. If we opt for competitive markets, and we have excellent reason to do so, we must take the irritations of such markets as well as their comforts – and then choose again among ambivalent subjects.) Ogilvy also knows better than his book's naïve faith in advertising research. At its best, advertising research is several cuts above university-based sociological research in the sophistication of its questionnaires and the precision of its sampling procedures – but it is still pretty dubious goods, especially in some of the areas where Ogilvy announces that "research shows."

Nevertheless, the book as a whole, even the last chapter, is refreshingly free of the whine that usually dominates the advertising man's voice when he talks to the public about his work. Some of the positions taken are not exactly those of the 4-As, the trade association, but on the whole Ogilvy's perceptions and opinions are those of the majority of his business. His book gives people who are casually interested in contemporary advertising *an sich* a chance to make unusually cheerful and straightforward contact with the subject itself.

FILMS

Discovery of the Pole

The great temptation in the film world these days, internationally speaking, is over-optimism about its prospects. The optimism is fed by the appearance of such young men as Ermanno Olmi, whose first film *The Sound of Trumpets* was recently reviewed here (NR, August 17), and Roman Polanski, a 30-year-old Pole, whose first film *Knife in the Water* was one of the best pictures

Knife in the Water
(Kanawha)
The Music Room
(Harrison)

in the recent New York Festival and is now generally released. Some optimism, at least, seems absolutely unavoidable.

Polanski, who has been an actor on stage and screen since he was 14, is a graduate of the State Film School at Lodz which was founded in 1949, and which is becoming the most celebrated school in the world. Poland's prewar film stature was slight, but there was enough activity to provide sound technical instruction for a new generation. This was grafted on to the rich theatrical tradition of Poland, was sparked by the impulsion of the country's wartime suffering, and accounts for the rise of the Lodz school and the Polish film generally.

After completion of his 5-year course at the school, after a "senior thesis" film and several other shorts that attracted wide attention, after an apprenticeship to the late Andrzej Munk (tragically dead in a car accident in 1961 at 40), Polanski has made a first feature with the virtuoso *élan* that one might expect of a gifted, bright young man; but it also has insights and subtleties that are at least a decade early in him.

The picture has only three actors; we don't see another soul. A man about forty and his young wife are driving on a Sunday morning to a lake where they have a sailboat on which they plan to spend the night. Suddenly a young hitchhiker darts into the road and forces the speeding car to screech to a halt. The husband, already irritated by a quarrel with his wife, angrily gives the hiker a lift as far as the lake. Out of self-doubt, not because of anything overt, he quickly suspects a chemical reaction by the wife to the youth. He wants to dominate the youth in her eyes so, after some fencing on the dock, he invites the young man along. We feel that this is a suicidal move which he can't help making, like the boy on the bicycle heading for the tree. A cumulative structure is evolved that finally brings about the husband's cuckolding without his knowledge. Yet he has – one step removed – cuckolded himself.

The film would greatly benefit from about ten minutes' condensation (quite a lot in screen terms). Among others, a scene in which the boy flounders at the tiller while the couple are swimming and a pick-up-sticks game, during a fight broadcast, go on too long. Polanski is not immune to the art-film disease: infatuation with the sound of one's own camera-whirr. (I note, too – no doubt with decadent Western patronization – that the husband's extraordinary material success is marked by a wristwatch, a small car, Prince Albert tobacco, a sailboat that subtitles call a yacht.) But the film is generally incisive, affecting, memorable. First, Polanski, has kept it mobile without any strain from the cramped quarters and small cast. This is no Hitchcock *Lifeboat* stunt; the restrictions are generative. Second, the film is visually rich; compositions are not merely striking, they are relevant; light is used in complements; shots like the rainstorm seen low across the surface of the water toward the boat knit us into the drama with intrinsic cinema means. Third, the drama itself.

What Polanski has done is to build a small Sartrean system of tensions and counter-tensions rooted in character. The chief view is the husband's – an early-middle-aged man who knows better than any wife could tell him what his fakeries are, although he can never admit them; who realizes that his sexual appetite is slowly being replaced by sexual appreciations and anxieties; who in his revealed self tries to substitute richness of experience for richness of promise, in his display of maturities is not only tacitly appealing for compassion

"MOVIES THAT MATTER"
Selected Entertainment Features
For Education or Fund Raising
Plan A Series Now . . .
About Politics — War — Ethics — Civil Rights — Academic Freedom — Juvenile Delinquency — etc. 16mm sound.
Write for Free Catalog R112
Brandon Films 200 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but is angrily warning the younger ones that youth is fleeting. Beyond Polanski's technical abilities, his perceptions here are precocious. Interestingly, too, his film is not "Polish" in any sense that we can recognize (admitting that we see far too few Polish films to judge fairly). Its derivations are French-Italian, its material is universal. Further, it is an anomalous film to come out of a state-owned socialist cinema industry.

Leon Niemczyk, the husband, gives a performance of strength imposed fearfully on doubt. Zygmunt Malanowicz has the right face and manner for the young man, challenge without cockiness. Jolanta Umecka is not called on for much in the way of acting but manages to be both well-rounded and reticent in the briefest of bikinis.

Satyajit Ray's new film, *The Music Room*, is the story of an Indian aristocrat of declining wealth, addicted to the dance and song of his land, who spends his dwindling fortune on large parties at which the best artists perform in his shabby, huge mansion. His wife and adolescent son are killed in an accident. He shuts up the house and lives like a hermit until he learns that a parvenu has engaged a great singer for a feast. The aristocrat reopens his house and spends his last borrowed money on this artist and a party, then is killed in a fall from his favorite horse.

It is a deeply felt, extremely tedious film. On the one hand its Western derivations are patent (the Greek-revival mansion no more than the Chekhovian theme). On the other hand its chief indigenous element, the Indian music, is simply uncongenial and tiresome to our ears. No doubt these are excellent performances to those who understand them, but they make us start counting the bulbs in the theater chandelier.

Ray's earlier *Devi*, which dealt with an older man's devotion to dying religion, and *The Music Room* must have much import for Indians but have less for export. We all want to encourage the distribution of foreign films in this country, a matter now severely restricted; but pretense and affectation will not help. Once the minimal "travelogue" value of films like these two is drawn, they become remote: "beautiful" in the deadliest culture-vulture sense.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

RECORDS

Technique and Taste

From the start, von Karajan's performances on records and in concerts here with the Philharmonia and Berlin Philharmonic Orchestras made it clear that in the manipulating of an orchestra he operated with powers of virtuoso caliber and magnitude, like Heifetz's powers for the violin or Horowitz's for the piano. Heifetz and Horowitz taught us that extraordinary powers in playing an instrument are not inevitably associated with distinguished taste in playing music; Stokowski and Koussevitzky demonstrated that this is true also of conductors; and some of von Karajan's early work provided another, though less extreme, demonstration of this. In 1956 I heard him use his technical powers to get the Berlin Philharmonic to play with remarkable delicacy in performances that he kept low-keyed not only when the music was a Mozart violin concerto but, perversely, when it was Strauss' *Don Juan* and even the first movement of Beethoven's *Eroica*. And though the recorded performance of the *Eroica* with the Philharmonia didn't exhibit this playing around with orchestra and music, it did exhibit an occasional error in musical judgment – *e.g.* the slowing down of the first movement after the dissonant climax in the development, breaking the continuity of flow and tension.

In the newly issued performances of Beethoven's nine symphonies on Deutsche Grammophon KL-1-8 and SKL-101-108 there is no playing around with orchestra and music: the virtuoso who obtains balanced and clear textures of ear-ravishing sounds from a Berlin Philharmonic now marvelously sensitized to his direction, operates as a serious musician applying impressive skill to a pacing and shaping of the works that much of the time is highly effective and satisfying – though not, for me, as effective and satisfying as Toscanini's, and still not without occasional errors in musical judgment. Its steadiness of tempo makes the *Eroica* this time one such effective and satisfying performance; but that rigorous steadiness in the second movement keeps the fugato episode from achieving the tremendous power Toscanini builds up with his distentions of the tempo in preparation for the later entrances of the subject and for the climax. Nor does the similarly steady first movement of the Ninth have the tremendous power at the beginning of the recapitulation that Toscanini gives it with his volcanic distentions of tempo and sonority for the climaxes of the phrases. In the Ninth, moreover, the tenor solo of the finale is too fast for a march (and the bass drum is almost inaudible); and I will add that the minuet movement of the Eighth loses by its uncustomarily slow tempo, the first movement of the *Pastoral* by its unusually fast one, the second movement of the Seventh by the slowing down of the alternating sections in major and therefore of the movement's basic rhythm

Africa Report

The most widely-read
American journal on Africa

Objective, comprehensive news on a country-by-country basis; expert analysis of trends and dynamics; personality profiles; maps; photos. Book Department reviews all major new books on Africa.

11 issues each year plus
a year-end index

$6.00 per year

AFRICA REPORT
Dept. NR, Suite 505
Dupont Circle Bldg.
Washington 36, D. C.
U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which should continue unchanged in the basses, the finale of the Fifth by the slowed-down bassoon statement in the coda that breaks the momentum of the movement. The Toscanini performances are, then, still the ones for the person who wants the most effective statements of the works; and von Karajan's are for the person who wants the best that are to be had reproduced with present-day sound of extraordinary beauty and clarity (though I must mention that – in the stereo versions more than in the mono – the tuttis which should break off for silence continue, instead, to reverberate in the over-resonant space).

The first three movements of Berlioz's *Harold in Italy* are performed effectively by Colin Wilson with the superb Philharmonia Orchestra, on Angel 36123; but the finale loses by the lack of the energy it had in the withdrawn Toscanini performance. And even the earlier movements are spoiled by the tasteless playing of the solo viola part which Menuhin smears over them in the mistaken idea that the work is a concerto for viola.

The unfamiliar Boccherini Symphony Op. 35 No. 2, with writing that is interestingly individual, and Mozart's lovely Symphony K.201 are paced and shaped admirably in Barshai's performances with the excellent Moscow Chamber Orchestra on Artia ALP-185 (mono). My copy produces noises.

Two other fine early works of Mozart, the Violin Concertos K.216 and 219, are performed with the beautiful tone and phrasing, the animation and grace they call for, on Philips 500-012 (mono), by Grumiaux with the London Symphony under Colin Davis. For the tone to be natural and beautiful I have to reduce treble by turning the knob on my McIntosh C-20 preamplifier back from noon to 10 o'clock.

Philips 500-030 (mono) has musically sensitive and finely integrated playing by David Oistrakh and Lev Oborin in Beethoven's Sonatas Op. 24 (*Spring*) and Op. 30 No. 2; and 500-031 (mono) their similar playing in Op. 47 (*Kreutzer*), with its beautiful variation movement, and the extraordinary Op. 96, with its strange opening movement and its wonderful slow variation in the finale, which loses by Oborin's rattling off of the florid conclusions of the piano's statements, as against the expressive treatment with which Schnabel made them meaningful. For Oistrakh's tone to have its natural sound I have to turn the treble back to 9 o'clock.

Another finely integrated performance – of Schubert's *Trout* Quintet Op. 114 on Columbia ML-5873 (mono) – has beautiful piano-playing by Horszowski, but also the flawed violin-playing of Roisman of the Budapest Quartet, with the good playing of the other strings.

A number of Elizabethan pieces – ranging from the superb *Lachrimae Pavin* of Dowland to the engaging *Joyne Hands* of Morley – are excellently performed by the Julian Bream Consort on RCA Victor LD- and LDS-2656.

The performance of Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* on Columbia ML-5872 and MS-6472 benefits by his powerful conducting and by recording which enables one to hear the important woodwind writing one doesn't hear in the earlier performance he conducts on ML-4644. But none of the soloists headed by George Shirley and Shirley Verrett operates with the vocal and expressive power of Peter Pears, Martha Moedl and the others in the earlier performance; nor are the chorus and orchestra as good as the earlier ones; and Cocteau's earlier narration is more impressive than John Westbrook's.

Vittorio Gui, who conducting made the Glyndebourne Festival *Cenerentola* one of the outstanding opera performances on records, conducts the excellent Glyndebourne performance of *The Barber of Seville* on Angel 3638 (mono), with Bruscantini in the title role, Alva as the Count and de los Angeles as Rosina. The earlier performance superbly conducted by Galliera has Alva in better voice; but the new one offers the lovely voice of de los Angeles in place of the wobbly and shrill one of Callas, and holds the singers more closely to Rossini's text; and these things make it preferable.

The Don Ottavio of the pre-war Glyndebourne *Don Giovanni*, von Pataky, is heard on Rococo 5208 in excellent performances of tenor arias from *Così Fan Tutte, The Magic Flute, The Seraglio* and the Italian and French repertory. And Rococo 5210 has astonished me with the beautiful singing of the Argentine soprano Hina Spani, whom I had never heard of, in arias from *Il Trovatore* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, among other things.

B. H. HAGGIN

How to ARGUE and WIN!

Did you ever come out second best in a discussion . . . see your proposal voted down . . . lose a raise or sale . . . **when all the facts were on your side?**

Don't ever let it happen again!

In his new book, THE ART OF ARGUMENT, Giles St. Aubyn shows you how to nail your opponents' appeals to prejudice and emotion for what they are. You learn how to think clearly . . . arrange your thoughts **logically** . . . present **convincingly**, whether verbally or in writing, formally or informally.

Infinitely more useful for most people than a post-graduate course in logic, St. Aubyn's approach is excitingly easy to master. It is based on situations which arise almost daily in family and business life, in conferences and meetings at church, lodge and PTA groups.

Once you learn to spot "special pleadings" and "emotive terms" in the argument of your adversary, there are very simple ways to overcome them with irrefutable reason.

Learn, too, how to separate facts from empty words in political platforms, newspaper stories, advertisements. How to judge **impartially** the pros and cons of tax reduction, racial equality, cigarette smoking, Medicare. And see how this mastery of logic benefits you in every phase of life!

TRY THIS VITAL NEW APPROACH TO SUCCESS—AT OUR RISK!

Read **The Art of Argument** and put its commonsense principles to use. You must find yourself winning support for your every constructive aim, **or simply return the book after 30 days for immediate refund.** You risk nothing! Mail only $2.95 now to

EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 855-M
251 W. 19th St. New York 11, N.Y.

international peace/disarmament directory

711 South Duke Street
York, Penna., U.S.A.

Third Edition, Fall 1963

$1 per copy—bulk rates lower
(50c copy: Asia, Africa, So. America)
1750 organizational and
450 periodical addresses

Bulk rates, (Paid Orders)
6 for $5, 10 for $7.50
25 for $15, 50 for $25

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR EXAMPLE:

☐ **938. RIMBAUD** and **BAUDELAIRE** *by Enid Starkie.* These *two* separate books—sensationally illuminating biographies of "the passionate poets"—count as only *one* free book under this offer. Enid Starkie has brilliantly recreated both the morbid delights and fearful sorrows of tortured geniuses whose lives were even more intriguing than their so-often-condemned works: *Baudelaire* who, besides poet, was both dandy and drug addict; *Rimbaud* who, besides sensitive aesthete, was a successful slave trader and super-debauchee.

COMBINED RETAIL PRICE $20.00

ANY BOOK

FREE

WE WILL GIVE YOU —

- **ANY BOOK FREE**—even if you choose this extraordinary $20 two-volume set.
- **PLUS 1 OR MORE OTHER BOOKS** for only $2.95 each *regardless of regular retail prices up to $10 and more!*
- **PLUS $2.50 BONUS VOUCHER** for each and every book you buy later. These *$2.50 Bonus Vouchers*—which may be applied immediately, at any time, toward other books of your choice—are given *in addition* to massive *outright discounts* on club offerings. You receive at least one $2.50 Voucher for each purchase—even on the many books offered to members in the low $3 to $5 range. Other books often earn *more* than one voucher.
- **SAVE OVER 90% NOW.** New readers may thus save over 90% *now*—by joining the Society *at this time.* While you need take only one book at the introductory *extra-discount* price, the more you take the more you save.
- **PLUS STILL ANOTHER FREE BOOK** [See coupon below] if you remit *now* for each book you take at the extra-discount price for new members.
- **CANCELLATION.** *Either* return all these books after 2 weeks' free examination, without cost or obligation. *Or*—take only two more books during the coming year out of hundreds to be offered.
- **THE MID-CENTURY MAGAZINE FREE,** bringing you advance reviews of new books published each month—with informed recommendations of books to both read *& keep* [no fall-apart paperbacks] in every subject-category—books for pleasure, profit, reference . . . for the many interests, needs and appetites of America's "New Renaissance" readers . . . the best *novels, non-fiction, reference works, biographies, art books, histories*—and many more.
- **PROFIT SHARING:** Because the Society can order books in large quantities, it shares profits with members through sensationally *lower prices* plus the *Bonus-Book Vouchers.* Members can thus buy first-run books—in publishers' regular cloth-bound editions for their permanent libraries [not cardboard-bound "cheapies"]—for less than throw-away paperbacks cost!
- **BECAUSE** many of the books offered in this announcement are in short supply, **fulfillment of this offer can only be guaranteed for 30 days. Please, therefore, enter all your choices by number on the Request Form—and mail without delay.**

PLEASE ORDER BOOKS BY NUMBER

☐ **149. A WORLD ON THE WANE.** Perhaps the most remarkable work ever published on a sexually-uninhibited primitive culture. Includes 116 revealing photographs and drawings. **Retail $12.50**

☐ **207. THE CRADLE OF EROTICA.** A close scrutiny of the unusual and unrestrained sexual practices of Afro-Asian peoples as evidenced in their own literature [which is copiously quoted]. Shedding, as it does, bright new light on the meaning of "normal" vs. "abnormal," there is no comparable work in existence. **Retail $9.50**

JAMES BALDWIN on the NEGRO IN AMERICA

☐ **205. THE FIRE NEXT TIME.** Best-seller Baldwin bares his soul — on the NAACP, the Black Muslims, and the rise of Negro power in the U.S. Here is the book that is lighting fire under both black and white America. **Retail $3.50**

☐ **163. ANOTHER COUNTRY.** The famous novel that propelled Baldwin, virtually overnight, to the top rank of American writers. **Retail $5.95**

☐ **192. THOMAS MANN: THE "JOSEPH" TETRALOGY.** A 1200-page single-volume edition of 4 of Mann's great novels: *The Tales of Jacob, Young Joseph, Joseph in Egypt,* and *Joseph the Provider.* **Retail $8.50**

☐ **994. BOSWELL'S UNEXPURGATED** "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides." The best of all Boswell Journals now offered unexpurgated by virtue of the recent discovery of Boswell's lost papers. **Retail $10.00**

☐ **993. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY: A Modern Selection** from the most famous and most wickedly personal dictionary of all time. A delight to read and browse. **Retail $6.50**

☐ **169. THE WESTERN:** *From Silents to Cinerama.* A lavishly-illustrated presentation of the most American of film art forms — the wild and woolly Western. All the magic names, including William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Gary Cooper, John Wayne, *The Great Train Robbery, High Noon, How the West Was Won* [to mention just a few]. **Retail $12.50**

☐ **223. MEMOIRS OF HADRIAN** *translated by Grace Frick.* A newly illustrated edition of this enduring classic. An overwhelmingly sensitive reflection of the awe-inspiring accomplishments, profundities and vicious indulgences of the multifaceted Roman Emperor Hadrian. **Retail $7.00.**

☐ **195. BLACK MAN IN AMERICA.** In this deeply moving *recording* best-selling author James Baldwin recollects his childhood — and his painful steps to status as a great writer in a white man's world. **Retail $3.98**

☐ **223. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE WORLD.** The deluxe new Centenary Edition of this famous "insider's" guide to *all* the countries of the world —an almost incredibly comprehensive one-volume reference-guide to 9700 provinces, states and municipalities of the world's 133 nations, plus 30 world organizations. 1700 pp., 1,000,000 words, facts and figures; full-color maps: charts; extensive and comprehensive index. *Publishers' List Price $10.00.*

☐ **135. THE GENIUS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.** Leonardo's mind as revealed through 132 illustrations in color and monochrome and his own brilliant writings, supplemented by Andre Chastel's perceptive interpretations. **Retail $12.50**

☐ **221. FLOWER IN MY EAR.** *Polynesian Lays of Love & Life translated by E. Burrows.* Despite joltingly amatory content, these lyrical works (supplemented with photographs) of the gentle Polynesian people — their own song poems, folk legends and ceremonial speech-making—have a tender and childlike charm. **Retail $6.75**

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO and THE CONQUEST OF PERU

☐ **916. William H. Prescott's** immortal histories of Cortes and Pizarro in a *complete and unabridged one-volume* edition. This story of the small bands of *conquistadores* in Mexico and Peru is one of the most dramatic narratives of all time. 1288 pp., fully indexed. **Retail $12.50**

The GERMAN "CATCH 22"

☐ **181. THE OFFICER FACTORY** *by Hans Hellmut Kirst.* Revolving around a mysterious murder in a Nazi officers' training school in 1944, this great new novel [overlooked in the N. Y. newspaper strike of 1962-63] presents an intimate picture of the behind-the-scenes chaos of Hitler's Third Reich in a series of gripping events that range from nerve-tearing tragedy to high comedy. [502 pp.] **Retail $6.50**

GREAT "OVERLOOKED" PAINTINGS

☐ **219. BERTHE MORISOT,** *Paintings, Watercolors, Pastels, Drawings.* Although prices for her pictures have increased more than 1600% in the last ten years the general public has not yet discovered this great impressionist. Colleague of *Monet, Renoir & Cassatt . . .* admired by *Manet* and *Degas,* the genius of Berthe Morisot is glowingly reflected in this handsome volume *(chosen by the A.I.G.A. as one of the "50 Best Books of the year"). 57 full-color and duotone* plates, 34 pages of monochrome illustrations and charming biographical notes. **Retail $10.00**

☐ **211. SPECULATIONS ABOUT JAKOB** *by Uwe Johnson.* The chilling new novel by Germany's prize-winning *Wunderkind.* On the surface a gripping "thriller," between the lines a disturbing and moving view of East versus West. A major novel of this half-century. **Retail $4.50**

FREE

if payment is enclosed with order

THE DELIGHTS OF DETECTION *edited by Jacques Barzun.* Here is Mr. Barzun's choice of the best tales of pure detection, collected because "detective feats have been, since Voltaire and Poe, the delight of intellectuals," and designed to appeal to addicts and "uninitiated" alike. *Retail $5.95.*

REQUEST FORM NR-35

Mail to: THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY, 115 East 31st Street, N.Y. 16, N.Y.

Enroll me as a trial member and send me the FREE book indicated below—charging me only for the one or more other books ordered at the *special new-member price* of only $2.95 each.

My only obligation is to buy two more selections during the coming year from the 100 or more to be available at savings of 50% and more under the publisher's retail prices. Over and above outright *Discounts,* I am to receive one or more *$2.50 Bonus Book Vouchers* with each book purchased—no matter how low the price. [PLEASE INDICATE YOUR CHOICE BELOW BY NUMBER.]

I. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION FREE with New-Member Purchase(s) at the right.

II. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION(S) AT SPECIAL NEW-MEMBER'S PRICE [$2.95].

Name.....

Address..... City..... Zone..... State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART

Where do We Go from Here?

The problem of succession continues to worry people who worry about such things. When the steam went out of Abstract Expressionism more or less simultaneously with the end of the Eisenhower era, to which political phenomenon the painting movement so well corresponded, any number of touts and tipsters volunteered their services in bringing an artistic Lord Home to the Queen's attention. So far she hasn't bought and the suspicion grows that not only is there not going to be any succession but that the art world monarchy itself may be dead and gone, at least for a while. It is hard to see why this should be bad, except for successionaires, of whom there is no lack.

Some of these in Los Angeles recently issued proclamations and declarations that the Bay Area figurative painting had reached the end of its immoral popularity and that an all-new Pop Art was now dominant along the Pacific, through which California would at last attain its artistic majority. The new movement was centered, naturally, in Los Angeles, a town so long without a center of any kind. Naturally, I took flight at once to the Golden West, going, however, as an old admirer of Diebenkorn, Parks and Bischoff, to San Francisco, to see if things there at all correspond to the shambles reported in the manifesto.

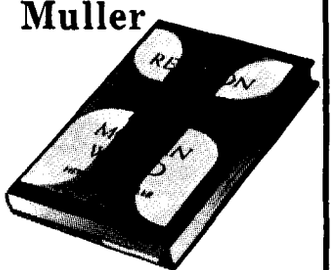
They don't. Manifestos in art tend to be stronger on passion than on reporting and such is again the case. There were two principal gallery shows in town, both from out-of-town and neither remotely resembling L.A. Pop. Neither, for that matter, much resembled Bay Area figurative painting except that both shows were based on the assumption that something with an independent existence outside the studio can be of value to the painter.

At Gumps, which is the old established gallery of the city, there were a dozen or so paintings by Jane Wilson of New York. The independent existent in Miss Wilson's work, as is now generally known, is nature in a quite old fashioned sense. She not only knows about, but she clearly likes and likes to paint things like dogwood, lilac, and whole meadowfuls of spring, summer, autumn and winter, the last sparingly.

As in the old days when every action painter had claimed for him that he could knock out academic paintings like Chase and Sargeant if he wanted to, but felt the task beneath him, so it is claimed for Miss Wilson that she used to be an accomplished practitioner of Abstract Expressionism but went beyond it to nature of all things. On the whole, the claims for Miss Wilson seem more plausible than their earlier counterparts. There is a consciousness of individual strokes of paint as lovely things in themselves, for example, that characterizes her work. It may be that, like many painters of her professional age, she discovered Monet not as great Impressionist but as a forerunner of Abstract Expressionism. That aspect of the late Monet pictures is certainly present in her work, greatly modified by the differences of subject and sex. For Miss Wilson is extremely feminine in her paintings of trees and flowers, delicate, observant and humble. Men can work up a certain amount of set-piece humility before nature's own set-pieces, the Grand Canyon or the Atlantic in full storm, but they generally assume that nature is there for them to use, whether they're Monet or the Murchison brothers. Women are much more likely to look at a field and see it for itself and that's what Miss Wilson does.

Unlike Gumps, the Art Unlimited Gallery in San Francisco has some contact with the Pop Pretenders of the city of the angels. When I was there, at any rate, the upstairs part of the gallery was set out with life-size plaster figures based one way or another on store-window dummies and smeared with paint and this seems to be the main angelic characteristic at the moment. In the downstairs rooms, however, was an exhibition of Byron Burford's which was something else entirely. For one thing, it was good. I first encountered the painting of Byron Burford at Beloit College four years ago and have remembered it as a prime example of the rewards you can find in getting out of Megalopolis and seeing what goes on elsewhere. Burford, who teaches at the University of Iowa, has exhibited widely in the Great Plains and in California but never east of Chicago, at Fairweather-Hardin. In the days before the problem of succession came up, this would have meant automatically that he was not to be seriously considered. Now I think it means simply that a first-class painter does not have to be in New York. There is a university culture in the Midwest that is largely unheard of

Herbert J. Muller



RELIGION AND FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD

Does religion promote or impair the cause of freedom? In seeking to answer this question, the author of *The Uses of the Past* traces the social effects of organized Christianity during the last 150 years. His conclusions shed new light on a subject that has recently been the center of rankling controversy in this country. $3.95

Inquire at your bookstore

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Mario Rossi *is UN correspondent of* The Christian Science Monitor. Richard Gilman *writes on books for* The New Republic *and on the theater for various journals.* Peter L. Bernstein *is co-author of* A Primer on Government Spending. Martin Mayer *is the author of* Madison Avenue USA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the East and Burford is a full citizen of that culture. Incredible as it may seem, the state universities of half a dozen states out there exert a much stronger influence on the general surroundings than the Ivy League approaches in its own area. One result of that is that university artists normally take themselves seriously as members, sometimes dissenting members, but still members of the total community, with no need to form special in-communities of their own. University artists associate not only with scholars but also with company presidents, realtors, dentists, politicians and newspapermen. And a result of that is that university artists frequently get interested in things that interest non-artists, because they have a chance to hear about them. This exposure to the larger world of men and their concerns is brilliantly evident in the new paintings of Byron Burford.

For some time now a re-examination of World War I has been going on, mostly at the hands not of memoiring generals, but at those of scholars and writers either not born at all or too young to have been directly involved in the Great War. The interest has ranged from straightforward accounts and recreations of the shock of newness that the War was, through military analysis to complex evaluations of the War as fighting, as sociology, as psychology and as great historical event determining the present. Burford, so far as I know, is the only American painter of his generation, the same as that of the scholars and writers, to join in the fresh look at 1914.

The work is worlds removed from the last American art look at the material, the festive Armistice parades up Fifth Avenue painted by various Ashcanners. It is also removed from the savage resentment of George Grosz and his countrymen. Instead, Burford projects a kind of retrospective sadness – merited enough, God knows – over scenes from the fringes of the war. The locale seems to be entirely English and the original point of departure impresses you as possibly having been news-photos of the time. The effect is strengthened by some of the titles, which seem descended from *The Illustrated London News* of the period: "Bright Moment in a House of Healing," or "Blind Soldiers Listening to Gramophone," or "Growing Health Where Orchids Once Were Grown."

The titles emphasize the sad irony of the work, but the irony is present without them. The pictures themselves are the same kind of thing: groups of anonymous victims being consoled by their surroundings or by tatty little musical groups or cheerful Red Cross Ladies. The figures are simplified into lumpiness, the paint is very dry and very dim, as if an aging shadow were permanently part of the view. Besides the nursing homes in Blighty, the main subject is interiors of the Enfield small arms factory, with women workers, lumpy in dim light and space compressed. In addition there are several views of wrecked dirigibles, looking over the great twisted metalwork in the field, rather as if the Crystal Palace had collapsed. As in fact, of course, it had.

FRANK GETLEIN

• Here – gleefully roasting the idiocies of the American Sixties to a turn – are more FEIFFERS than have ever been discovered together in one spot before! FEIFFER the storyteller, FEIFFER the cartoonist, FEIFFER the playwright, FEIFFER the humorist, FEIFFER the fabulist, FEIFFER the satirist, FEIFFER the illustrator. All FEIFFERS light up a dark world with their incendiary wit in

FEIFFER'S ALBUM

Plays, stories, skits, fables, illustrations and cartoons.
$4.95, now at your bookstore. **RANDOM HOUSE**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATER

Artists and Bureaucrats

There is only one TV program I watch with regularity, a thoroughly illogical and thoroughly engrossing horror series called *The Outer Limits* – but tonight's show was cancelled on behalf of the United States Government. The network, always vigilant in the service of the public, had decided to substitute one of those behind-the-scenes-of-a-crisis extravaganzas–this one revolved around

Harassing of the Pacifica Foundation, (by the FCC)
The Closing of the Living Theater (by the Internal Revenue Service)

school desegregation in Alabama, and featured Bobby Kennedy as the hero, Governor Wallace as the villain, and President Kennedy in a supporting role. During the ten minutes I watched this artificial pseudo-event, I could not help but admire the acting. Our professional theater has a lot to learn from amateur performers like these who can, with television cameras looking on, improvise so convincingly a drama of state: rattling papers, conferring worriedly with aides, sweating through shirtsleeves, gripping phones with an air of grim expectancy. It occurred to me, of course, that the Kennedys were using public-relations devices to improve their image, and I could even foresee a day when they might *stage* a crisis if their TV ratings declined. But I don't complain that American officialdom is becoming an arm of show business; after all, what's good for MCA is good for the country, and why shouldn't the Executive reflect our basic national values? The thing that really annoyed me was having one of my favorite programs cancelled by the government.

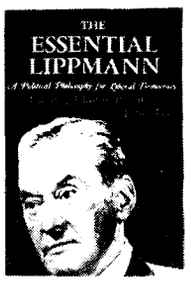
For I am getting rather depressed by these cancellations. It was bad enough when the Narcotics Bureau and the Vice Squad began to interrupt Lenny Bruce in the middle of his act, finally hauling him off to face charges of obscenity and addiction. It grew worse when the FCC mysteriously began to stall on the license application of the Pacifica Foundation, a system of three FM stations in Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York which comprise the only non-commercial, listener-supported radio network in the land. And it has now passed the limits of toleration with the closing down of New York's Living Theater, and the arrest of 25 of its members and spectators, by the Internal Revenue Service on October 18. I realize, of course, that free expression and free art continue unabated in the alleys of Broadway, in David Susskind's conversations with eight-year-olds, and on all the major networks. I also take consolation in the fact that the State Department really adores the theater (didn't it send Helen Hayes and Mary Martin abroad), and that the Administration occasionally invites *Esquire's* hot center to a hot dinner. But in the light of all these splendid manifestations of our exploding interest in art and intellect, why do I have the uncanny feeling that our few truly free organs of intellect are being impounded, and our only non-faddist, non-ersatz art is being interrupted, as it were, on behalf of the government?

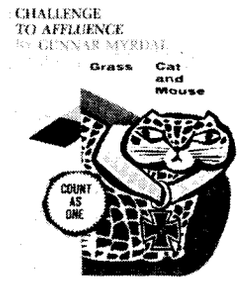
I am under no illusion about the innocence of the victims; each of them collaborated, to some extent, in his own victimization. Lenny Bruce's comedy, being rooted in the unconscious, is always blasphemous or obscene; the Pacifica Foundation has sometimes been irresponsible in its programming, giving political platforms even to crackpots; and the Living Theater owes $23,000 in back taxes, besides having broken government locks in order to stage a last, unauthorized performance of *The Brig* for the financial benefit of the actors (this enterprise netted $16). It was, furthermore, extremely negligent of the Living Theater not to apply for tax-exempt status when it was already eligible: to commit such an oversight, surely, is to court martyrdom. Still, in view of the uncompromising stand of the various government bureaus, one begins to suspect that the cases are more political than legal, especially when we note that the culprits are all identified with some unpopular cause, movement, or posture: peace marches, civil rights demonstrations, opposition to capital punishment, anti-clericalism, Cuba, etc. What is worse, I think, is that all of them are extremely unpredictable – both in the quality and the kind of their offerings – and there is nothing more offensive to the bureaucratic mind than unpredictability. I suspect, for example, that the FCC might have been happier with a Communist radio station than with one capable of encompassing all shades of political opinion. And I suspect, too, that the Living Theater might be functioning today if it had not followed its program of experimental dramas with a documentary on brutality in the Marine Corps.

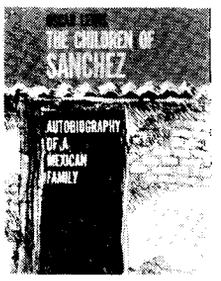
I am suggesting, in short, the possibility of bureaucratic conspiracy. And in the case of the Pacifica Foundation, this is more than a possibility. There, difficulties arose immediately after WBAI ran a program attacking J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI. This aroused the interest of a Senate watchdog committee, and, inevitably, of the John Birch Society which now monitors Pacifica daily for evidence of obscenity and subversion, and deluges the FCC with complaints. It is to such pressures that this rubber-spined agency is yielding, but isn't it ironic that the FCC, which came to public attention when its last chairman attacked the "wasteland" of the networks, should choose to harass the one oasis in this communications desert? If some of us are beginning to think that the present Administration typically holds the right opinions while sanctioning the wrong actions, it is because of paradoxes like these. Network programming is more inane, more commercial, and more restrictive than ever, but the FCC invokes its authority only against a free minority station like WBAI.

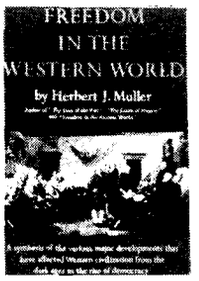
The case of the Living Theater is similar, though more complicated. There, legal culpability can be proved, since the group *is* bankrupt. Bankruptcy is usually taken as a sign of failure in America, so perhaps I should mention

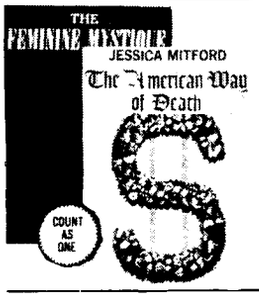
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

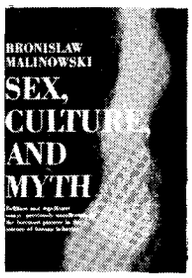


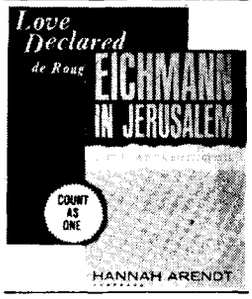






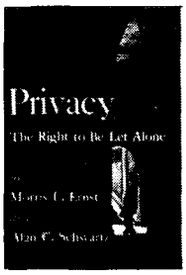


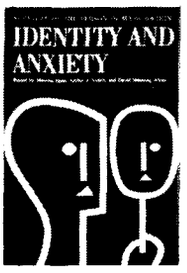


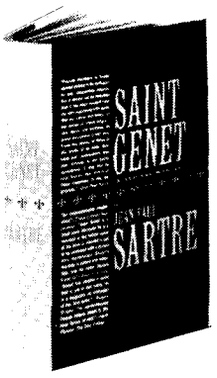


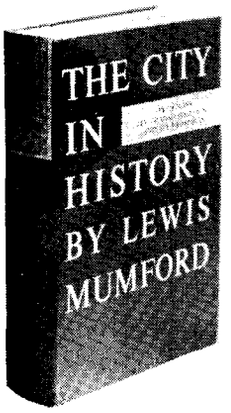
ANY 3 BOOKS FREE

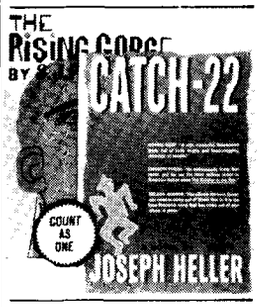
WITH YOUR FIRST SELECTION / **RETAIL VALUES TO $42.85**

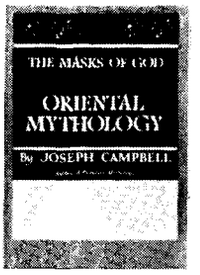












SELECTIONS MAKE THE DIFFERENCE – Here are some of the selections that the Book Find Club has offered its members at substantial savings. The selections of the Book Find Club are different. You will recognize them as works of current interest and lasting value – solid, readable books that range from social science to the fine arts. These are only a few from the outstanding list of more than 100 books and records that the Book Find Club will make available to you as a member if you join now. As an introductory offer, to acquaint you with the benefits of membership, we invite you to choose any three of the selections pictured above **free** with your first selection. Since several are dual selections*, you may acquire as many as **8** books in this way. ■ **CONVENIENCE.** Membership in the Book Find Club makes it possible for you to shop for the books you want in the comfort of your own home – enabling you to build your library conveniently and inexpensively. Each month you will receive The Book Find News, containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and descriptions of the many other books available at special member's prices. You need choose **only** the books you want. ■ **AVERAGE SAVINGS OF 40%.** As a member you will regularly enjoy savings of 40% on the books you take. Furthermore, on certain choices your savings will reach and even exceed 50%. Compare the prices of the books shown here. Your savings on this introductory offer alone can amount to **as much as $42.85** ■ **BONUS BOOKS.** When your introductory agreement has been completed, you will be entitled to a free bonus book of your own choosing after every third selection that you take.

Saint Genet: *Actor and Martyr,* Jean-Paul Sartre. Retail $8.50. Member's price $5.95
***Cat and Mouse,** Günter Grass; *and* **Challenge to Affluence,** Gunnar Myrdal. Combined retail price $7.90. ..... Member's price $5.95
***The American Way of Death,** Jessica Mitford; *and* **The Feminine Mystique,** Betty Friedan. Combined retail price $10.90 ..... Member's price $8.90
This Kind of War, T. R. Fehrenbach. *The Brutal Lesson of Korea.* Retail $10.00. ..... Member's price $6.50
***Eichmann in Jerusalem:** *A Report on the Banality of Evil,* Hannah Arendt; *and* **Love Declared:** *Essays on the Myths of Love,* Denis de Rougemont. Combined retail price $10.00. .....Member's price (for both books) $5.95
The City in History, Lewis Mumford .....Retail $11.50. Member's price $6.95
Memories, Dreams, Reflections, C. G. Jung. ...Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.95
The Tin Drum, Günter Grass. .....Retail $6.95. Member's price $5.75
The Essential Walter Lippmann: *A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy.* Editors: Clinton Rossiter & James Lare. .....Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.50
Freedom in the Western World, Herbert J. Muller. Retail $8.50. ..... Member's price $5.95
Sex, Culture and Myth, Bronislaw Malinowski. Retail $6.95. Member's price $5.50
The Children of Sanchez, Oscar Lewis .....Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.50
The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell .....Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95
Identity and Anxiety: *Survival of the Person in Mass Society.* A massive compendium of studies by Mead, May, Orwell, Rosenberg, Richards, Gorer, Howe, Jaspers, Mills, and more. .....Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95
Privacy: *The Right to Be Let Alone,* Morris L. Ernst and Alan U. Schwartz. Retail $6.00. ..... Member's price $4.50
***Catch-22,** Joseph Heller; and **The Rising Gorge,** S. J. Perelman. Combined retail price $10.45. ..... Member's price (for both books) $5.95
The Masks of God: *Oriental Mythology,* Joseph Campbell. Retail $7.50. ..... Member's price $5.50

***TWO BOOKS COUNTING AS ONE SELECTION**

THE BOOK FIND CLUB, Inc.

215 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10003

You may enroll and send me the 3 free books of my choice, with my first selection at the special member's price (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates from the wide range of books that will be made available to me in the coming year at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection – or prefer to order another book – I may do so on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

First Selection_____

Free Books 1_____

2_____

3_____

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....
Please print full name

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip Code B63-119

(Same offer & prices apply in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN OPERA RECORD LIBRARY
write to:
NEW YORK OPERA LIBRARY INC • 305 E 45 ST NYC 10017

JAPANESE WOODCUT PRINTS
Masterpieces by Sharaku, Hiroshige, Utamaro, Hokusai, etc.
Accurately reproduced by hand-carved woodblocks using exactly the same materials as originals.
Full-scale; museum-authenticated
Illustrated pamphlet listing over 250 titles, $1.00 airmail (refundable against first order)
Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints
CPO Box 362
Tokyo, Japan

EXPEDITION — "ROUND THE WORLD" BEING FORMED. Famed 190' Schooner "YANKEE CLIPPER" embarks January '64 on 12 month voyage to Galapagos, Pitcairn, Tahiti, Orient, the World. Applications now being accepted for congenial shipmates to share adventure and expenses (about $12.00 per day). Write Capt. Mike Burke, P.O. Box 1051, Dept. 42-A, Miami Beach 39, Fla.

"WILL FORMS"
Two Will Forms and Book on Wills
$1.00 Complete
National Forms, Box 48313NR
Los Angeles 48, Calif.

KODAK BROWNIE 8mm MOVIE CAMERA—Film and manual all for $19.95 postpaid. $2.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders.
ERLER CAMERAS
1540 E. 83rd St.
Chicago, Illinois, 60619

HARPSICHORD KIT — A superb, authentic, full toned instrument for home workshop assembly, $150. Same instrument as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA Victor. Also Clavichord kit, $100. Free brochure. Please write: Zuckermann Harpsichords, Dept. P, 115, Christopher Street, N.Y.C. 14.

WORLD DEMOCRACY
By Bin Dir Woor.
CLAIMS: Unique. Entrancing. Epoch-making. An American publisher said, "World Democracy is a book of the Century."
Price $2. Your library, book store or
GREENWICH BOOK PUBLISHERS
282 Seventh Ave., New York

BEAUTIFUL 8x10 ENLARGEMENT from any photo, negative or slide — $2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.
ERLER CAMERAS
1540 E. 83rd St.
Chicago, Illinois, 60619

"BURY GOLDWATER"
handsome bumper sticker
$1 each; three for $2; ten for $5
801 Security Building
Roswell, New Mexico

that the Living Theater, for all its erraticism, is the best – indeed the only – experimental repertory troupe in New York, and one of the very few American companies to receive acclaim abroad. It is not, to be sure, in the mainstream of the official culture, it has not attracted the friendship of the newspaper reviewers, it has not drawn a large audience – but theatrical advance has always been made at the cost of critical hostility and losses at the gate, and no American repertory company functions today without substantial financial help. This help has not been forthcoming to the Living Theater, despite scattered donations from individuals and the smaller foundations. The New York State Council on the Arts prefers to subsidize productions of *Kismet* and *Plain and Fancy*, while the large foundations pour their money into semi-commercial ventures like Lincoln Center and the Actors Studio Repertory – groups which are already supported by Broadway angels and the Broadway public. It finally becomes obvious that the real issue here is free expression, and it is an issue which legal and economic questions only obscure. In a commercial society, everyone is permitted to speak his piece if he can afford to buy a platform; but as the platforms become more expensive, all non-official opinion ceases to be heard.

If this legal muzzling of everything radical, dangerous, or difficult continues, the alternatives will not be pleasant. Madness may be one of them – to judge by the Birchers' influence on the FCC, the mad, at least, can command the attention of bureaucrats. Another alternative was unwittingly suggested when the Living Theater committed an act of civil disobedience to stage its last performance, the spectators climbing over roofs and through windows in order to see it. Jean Genêt once imagined "a clandestine theater, to which one would go in secret, at night, and masked, a theater in the catacombs . . ." Will this be the theater of the future when every other possibility has been harried into oblivion? Will this be our last underground refuge when art and entertainment is totally dominated by Broadway and the wunnerful world of show biz – with an occasional guest appearance by Bobby Kennedy on a crisis of our time?

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

EUROPE
An unregimented trip stressing individual freedom. Low cost yet covers all the usual plus places other tours miss. Unless the standard tour is a "must" for you, discover this unique tour before you go to Europe.
EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Dept. N — Pasadena, California

Correspondence

Rumania and the Soviets

Sirs:

Philip Ben says he was told by a prominent Kremlinologist that he was in danger of spoiling his reputation as a serious journalist by his reportage from Rumania. On the basis of his article in your October 19 issue, the Kremlinologist may have been right.

To say that the Communist bloc has broken into three parts, "the third being the Communist neutralists, which for the moment consists only of the Rumanians," is to exaggerate the real situation. The Gheorghiu-Dej regime has nearly always refrained from taking strong positions in international Communist disputes; its attitude in the Sino-Soviet quarrel is only slightly less enthusiastic than in other Soviet campaigns against Albania, against Tito and, more recently, for Tito.

Moreover, one can hardly say that Rumania has "adopted a policy of complete economic independence." The quarrel with COMECON is not over basic policies but over differing interpretations of what is meant by the "division of labor" among the members.

Mr. Ben's figures on foreign trade – which gave him "the sweet feeling of someone who has discovered an important secret" – also exaggerate Rumania's position. The fact is that in 1959 Rumania's trade with the West was less than that of most other bloc countries, so the increase since then has brought it to a position which is more or less average in the statistical respect. All of the satellites are trying to increase their trade with the West, with perhaps less success than the Rumanians so far; but whatever their luck in the future they will all remain dependent on the Soviet

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Union, which is their only source for important industrial raw materials and the chief market for the products of their factories.

Francis Pierce
New York, N. Y.

Implementing Integration

Sirs:

Mr. Von Eckardt's excellent fifth installment ("New Towns in America," October 26) concludes on a note unnecessarily desperate and ominous. The general failure to achieve integrated housing stems from the myopic impracticality of the planners on the Olympian heights from which they yet continue to plan. They seem grossly unaware that, operatively, "integrated" housing merely throws together middle-income Negroes and underprivileged whites, who thereafter grate endlessly upon the exposed nerves of each other's class-consciousness, thus creating a situation quite the opposite of that projected.

My plan would include two kitchenette units in the floor plan of every project, especially designed for yearly leasing to suburban and semi-urban college students who now must choose between the wasteful misery of commuting and extortionary rents, etc. This arrangement would, I believe, guarantee a continuous "white presence" of at least two persons per floor per building, and of a type which would have a definite uplifting effect. These students would find in their tenancy the opportunity to counterbalance the vacuity of mass college lectures with practical daily contact; the chance to begin payment on the gigantic social debt which the past has willed them; and the privilege of initiating the ground-level interracial dialogue without which civil rights legislation will prove retrogressive.

Thus, I give you a program whereby a handful of young, childless whites can work disproportionately great changes in the cultural environment of an "integrated" project simply by affording an interest and accessibility which cannot be expected to emanate from the bruised, defensive egos of disenfranchised poor white families, upon whose unrealistically hoped-for social wisdom present integrated housing schemes are based.

Mark Lippman
Far Rockaway, N. Y.

MIT, University of Chicago graduate seeks lodging with pleasant, interesting family in central Los Angeles. Call 837-7659.

SATURDAY REVIEW 48 weeks $3.88
HOLIDAY 1 year $2.95
AMERICAN HOME 1 year $1.50
Institutions solicited
POLLOCKS MAGAZINE SERVICE
LITTLE SILVER NEW JERSEY

JOURNALIST — Award winner on city social problems. Desires position with labor or inter-group propaganda agency. Industrial relations graduate. R. Bartimole, 38 Jackson Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

NEW WRITING FROM VIRGINIA
Edited by George Garrett
Afterword by Richard Wilbur
Poems and Stories
by Dillard, Rodenbeck and others
$1.95 postpaid
Box 3402, University Station
Charlottesville, Virginia

ENGLISH GIRL GRADUATE will act as chauffeuse guide for your European Holiday. Own car. If interested, please write: Fisher, 203 Woodford Road, Stockport, Cheshire, England.

"SUPPORT THE UNITED NATIONS" bumper stickers. 40c each, 3 for $1, 10 for $3, 100 for $25. Box 165, 640 Linden, Riverside, California.

LIBERALS FOR GOLDWATER. Give him enough rope and he'll hang himself—permanently. Help spread the word. $2 puts you on our mailing list, how to form a local chapter, etc. c/o Apt. 11, 32 Cornelia St., N.Y.C. 14. Remember: Goldwater brings chaos brings enlightenment brings liberalism—permanently.

AIR FORCE captain, 32 years of age, 3300 flying hours all types aircraft, liberal education, speaks Spanish, BA economics, seeking position with interesting and intelligent organization. Write Box 10, New Republic, 1244 19th St. N.W., Washington 36, D. C.

SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS WANTED! Minority opinion periodicals from left to right. Good commissions. Catalog: $2.00 (refundable). Established firm. Free brochure. LMWSA, Box 398, Lawrence, Kansas.

ADULTS ONLY! A Love Affair With The Piano. Master lessons, taught through correspondence, by artist teacher of over 30 years experience.
CAMEO STUDIO Dept. N.,
25 Cameo Road, Levittown, Pa.

NEW CATALOG ANTIQUES with charming free gift $1. Gloucester Art Galleries, P.O. Box 538, Gloucester, Mass.

CLASSIFIED RATES
Per word (single insertion).....12c
Per word 6 times in one contract year.....11c
Per word 13 times in one contract year.....10c
Per word 26 times in one contract year..... 9c
Per word 48 times in one contract year..... 8c
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th St. N.W., Wash. 36, D. C.

Any Book
Out-of-print books located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Name the book—we'll find it for you! (Title alone is sufficient.) All authors, subjects. Fiction, nonfiction. No obligation.
Books-On-File
Dept. NEW Union City, N. J.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING"
Self-hypnosis. Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Details free.
Sleep-Learning Research Association
Box 24-NR Olympia, Washington

SUMMERLANE SCHOOL AND CAMP
"An American Summerhill"
Box 26R, Mileses, New York

"HOLIDAY GIFTS TO PROMOTE PEACE"
a 40-page catalogue: dozens of items center around the United Nations and other world affairs organizations. 35c. Alice L. Wood, GPO Box 1004, Brooklyn 1, New York.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

L'EXPRESS
The leading liberal newspaper in France today.
Send 25c for your sample copy.
Howard Publications
7th floor
132 West 43rd Street
New York 36, N.Y.

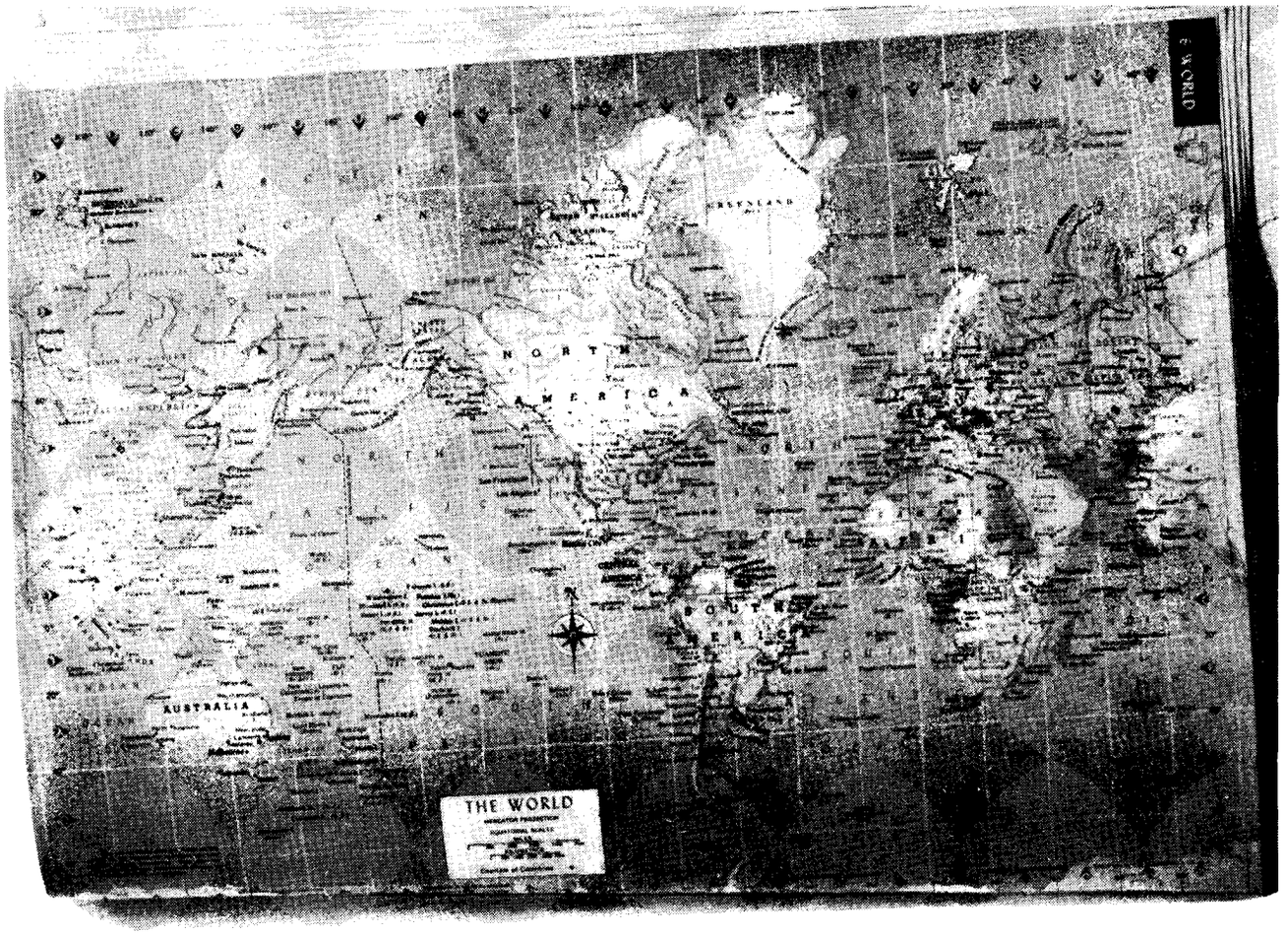
HAVE YOU OUTGROWN GODS, SAVIORS AND SUPERNATURALISM?
Is all your concern for people? Then you're a HUMANIST! Welcome to AMERICAN HUMANIST ASSOCIATION; local chapters, publications. Send $1 for three-month trial membership ($5 for year):
AMERICAN HUMANIST ASSOCIATION
Dept. NR, Yellow Springs, Ohio

WORLD STAMPS
Unselected groups of world stamps dating from 1913. Guaranteed 20 different countries. Over 200 for $3.00—over 500 for $5.00, postpaid.
Accredited Press Inc.
Box 95-A
Lawrence, New York

333 EUROPEAN HOTELS
140 cities, 19 countries covered in handy list of excellent, inexpensive hotels. Prices, Addresses.
BON VOYAGE $1.
Box 24684NR
Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Printed by National Publishing Co.
301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Yes—and in nine blazing colors.

That's if you own the just-revised, updated, and modernized edition of Hammond's New Supreme World Atlas, the perfect reference atlas for home, school, and office.

In all, the atlas has over 100 *detailed* maps of the world, countries, and states—all in full color. The first map, The World, mercator projection, is on page 6. A great new polar projection map of The World, azimuthal equidistant projection, is on page 7.

As up to date as 1963 are all the maps and all the statistics. You will find full-page maps of the continents and individual countries of the world on pages 8 through 57, new boundaries clearly delineated. There's a two-page spread map of the United States, followed by full-page maps of the states, with close-up views of key metropolitan areas.

At the back of the atlas is a 63-page, illustrated, population index of *every* county, city, town, hamlet, and crossroad trading center in the U.S.A.

What is the latest population figure of Louisiana? Of Burlington and of Chittenden County, Vermont? What is the best way to get around Hawaii, other than swimming? Where is Charlevoix, Michigan? What are the nickname and state flower of Iowa? What are the former German names of present Polish cities? Where do the railroads in Bolivia go? What is the capital of Virgin Lands Kray? What are the provinces of Puerto Rico? How deep is the Pacific? How high is Mt. Gede?

Hammond's new atlas has all the answers. No wonder it's *the* perfect reference atlas.

And what about pages 1 through 5, before the maps begin? There you will find Hammond's exclusive Gazetteer-Index and Index of Principal Cities of the World. The Index of Principal Cities looks like this:

Baltimore, Md., 939,024	05	43
Bandjarmasin, Borneo, Indon., 150,000	E6	31
Bandung, Java, Indon., 724,249	H2	31
Bangalore, India, 778,977	C6	29
Bangkok (Krung Thep), Thai., 827,290	D4	30
Barcelona, Sp., 1,276,675	H2	17
Bari, It., 264,744	F4	18
Barnaul, U.S.S.R., 200,000	K4	22
Barnsley, Eng., 75,630	F4	10
Baroda, India, 211,407	B4	29
Barranquilla, Col., 276,199	F1	46
Barrow-in-Furness, Eng., 67,476	D3	10

The Gazetteer looks like this:

Country	Area (Sq. Miles)	Population	Capital or Chief Town	Index Ref.	Plate No.
Aden Colony	75	97,760	Aden	E 7	26
Aden (incl. Protectorate)	112,000	650,000	Aden	E 7	26
Afghanistan	250,000	13,799,037	Kabul	J 3	26
Africa	11,850,000	225,000,000			34, 35
Alabama, U.S.A.	51,060	3,266,740	Montgomery	M 6	43
Alaska, U.S.A.	586,400	226,167	Juneau	F 8	42
Albania	11,096	1,391,499	Tirane	E 5	21
Alberta, Canada	248,800	1,123,116	Edmonton	G 4	40

Easy to read. Easy to follow. Easy to handle.

Thus you will find in this atlas the three most important factors required of a top-notch atlas:

1) Accuracy—C. S. Hammond & Co. has been America's leading map-maker for over half a century.

2) World Coverage.

3) Up-to-date information—Including the latest census figures and C. S. Hammond's own survey giving population statistics for unincorporated places.

How many times have you said, "I wish we had a new Atlas"? Now you can have one—and it's the very best.

To your bookseller, or to 3 NR-11

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC. Garden City, New York

Please send me.....copies of Hammond's New Supreme World Atlas. Bill me $3.95 for each copy—plus postage. I may return the book at the end of two weeks if I am not completely satisfied with it.

Name _____

PLEASE PRINT

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(☐ **Save.** If you enclose payment now, we shall pay postage and handling charges.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED